THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
1051

DISCIPLINE.

DISCIPLINE:

A NOVEL.

1051

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-CONTROL."

All-pitying Heaven,
Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation
Doth interpose; and leads the wanderer back
To the straight path.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THIRD EDITION.

VOLUME III.

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TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

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CHAP. XXII.

> Dependence! heavy, heavy, are thy chains,
> And happier they who from the dangerous sea,
> Or the dark mine, procure with ceaseless pain,
> A hard-earned pittance—than who trust to thee.
>
> CHARLOTTE SMITH.

By some untoward fate, the government of husbands generally falls into the hands of those who are not likely to bring the art into repute. Women of principle refuse the forbidden office; women of sense steadily shut their eyes against its necessity in their own case; warm affection delights more in submission than in sway; and against the influence of genius an ample

guard is provided in the jealousy of man. Mrs Boswell being happily exempt from any of these disqualifications, did her best to govern her husband. There was nothing extraordinary in the attempt, but I was long perplexed to account for its success, for Mr Boswell was not a fool. The only theory I could ever form on the subject was, that being banished during his exile in the colony from all civilized society, having little employment, and none of the endless resource supplied by literary habits, Mr Boswell had found himself dependent for comfort and amusement upon his wife. She, on her part, possessed one qualification for improving this circumstance to the advancement of her authority; she was capable of a perseverance in sullenness, which no entreaties could move, and no submissions could mollify. She had besides some share of beauty; and though this was of course a very transient engine of conjugal sway, she gained perhaps as much from the power of habit over an indolent mind, as she lost by the invariable law of wedlock. Finally, where authority

failed, Mrs Boswell could have recourse to cunning. A screw will often work where more direct force is useless; and whatever understanding Mrs Boswell possessed was of the tortuous kind. All her talents for rule, however, were exerted upon Mr Boswell. Her child, her servants, any body who would take the trouble, performed the same office for herself. Except when she was capriciously seized with a fit of what she thought firmness, clamour or flattery were all-prevailing with her.

The very first evening which I spent in her house, furnished me with a specimen of her habits. "Will you begin French with Jessie to-morrow?" said she to me, with one of her most complaisant simpers.

"I should think, my darling," said Mr Boswell, not much in the tone of a master, "that, if you please, it may be as well to exercise her a little more in English first."

"She can learn that at any time," said Mrs Boswell, dismissing her smiles.

"Don't you think she had better begin with what is most necessary?" said the husband.

"We can't be losing Miss Percy's time with English," returned the wife, without deigning to turn her eyes or her head.

Mr Boswell paused to recruit his courage; and then said meekly, "I dare say Miss Percy will not consider her time as lost in teaching any thing you may think for the child's advantage."

"Certainly not," answered I; for Mr Boswell spoke with a look of appeal to me.

Mrs Boswell sat silent for five minutes, settling all the rings upon all her fingers. "Any body can hear the child read," said she at last, without altering her tone or a muscle of her face.

"But Miss Percy's language and pronunciation are such admirable models, that ——" Mr Boswell stopt short, arrested by symptoms which I had not yet learnt to discern. The lady uttered not another syllable, nor did she once raise her eyes till we were about to retire for the night.

"Shall I then give Miss Jessie a lesson in English grammar to-morrow morning?" said I, addressing myself to Mr Boswell;

merely from a feeling that the father had a right to direct the education of his child.

"As—as you think best—as you please," answered Mr Boswell hesitatingly; and casting towards his spouse a glance of timid inquiry, which she did not answer even by a look.

I attended her to her bed-chamber, where to my great surprise she drew me in and hastily locked the door; leaving Mr Boswell, who was following close behind, to amuse himself in the lobby. She then seated herself; and, with all the coolness in the world, began talking to me of negroes, gold dust, and ivory. Presently Mr Boswell came, and gently requested admission. Of this request the lady took no notice whatever. Some time afterwards the summons was repeated, but still without effect. "I am afraid I exclude Mr Boswell," said I, rising and wishing her good night. "Oh never mind," said the lady, nodding her head, and endeavouring to look arch. Again I offered to go, but she would not allow me to move; and as she had put the key of the room-door into her pocket, I had no

means of retreat. At last Mr Boswell, hopeless of effecting a lodgement in his own apartment, retired to another; and as soon as the lady had, by listening, ascertained this fact, she opened the door and permitted me to depart.

For four days Mrs Boswell never honoured her lord with the slightest mark of her notice. When he addressed her, whether in the tone of remark or of conciliation, she gave no sign of hearing. She would not even condescend to account for her behaviour by seeming out of humour; for to me she was all smiles and courtesy; and towards poor Mr Boswell she merely assumed an air of unconquerable nonchâlance. It was in vain that he acceded to his lady's plan for her daughter's studies. The obdurate fair was not so to be mollified. At length, on the fifth morning, she deigned to acknowledge his presence by a short and sullen answer to some trifle which he uttered. His restoration to favour, however, went on with rapid progression; and before evening the pair were upon the most gracious footing imaginable. Being

now admitted behind the scenes, I was perfectly aware of the reason of this change. Mrs Boswell wanted money.

Indeed I was early made a sort of confidante; that is to say, Mrs Boswell told me all her likings and dislikes, all her husband's faults, and all her grounds of quarrel with his relations and her own. She unfolded to me, besides, many ingenious devices for managing Miss Jessie, for detecting the servants, and for cajoling Mr Boswell. I must own, I never could discover the necessity for these artifices; but there is pleasure in every effort of understanding, and I verily believe these tricks afforded the only exercise of which Mrs Boswell's was capable.

It is not to be told with what disgust I contemplated this poor woman's character. Her uniform selfishness, her pitiful cunning, her feeble stratagems to compass baby ends, filled me with unconquerable contempt;—a contempt which, indeed, I scarcely strove to repress. I imagined it to be the natural stirring of an honourable indignation. I often re-

peated to myself, that "I would willingly serve the poor creature if I could." I always behaved to her with such a shew of deference as our mutual relation demanded; and thus concealed from myself "what spirit I was of." To forgive substantial injury is sometimes less a test of right temper, than to turn an eye of Christian compassion upon the dwarfish distortion of a mind crippled in all its nobler parts.

But of all Mrs Boswell's perversions, the most provoking was her mischievous interference with my pupil. Either from jealousy of my influence, or from the mere habit of circumvention, a sort of intriguing was carried on; which the folly of the mother, and the simplicity of the child, constantly forced upon my notice. Some indulgence was bestowed, which was to be kept profoundly secret from the governess; or some neglected task was to be slily performed by proxy. If the child was depressed by a sense of my disapprobation, she was to be comforted with gingerbread and sugar-plums; and then exhorted to wash

her mouth that Miss Percy might not discover this judicious supply of consolation.

I believe it is a mistake to suppose that we are not liable to be angry with those whom we despise. I know I was often so much irritated by the petty arts of Mrs Boswell, that necessity alone detained me under her roof. I was the more harassed by her folly, because, duty apart, I had become extremely interested in the improvement of my young charge. The *elève* of such a mother was of course, idle, sly, and self-willed; but Jessie was a pretty playful creature, with capacity enough to shew that talents are not hereditary, and such a strength of natural kindliness as had outlived circumstances the most unfavourable to its culture. This latter quality is always irresistible; and it was more particularly so to an outcast like myself, who had no living thing to love or trust.

But for this child indeed, Mr Boswell's house would have been to me a perfect solitude. Mrs Boswell was utterly incapable of any thing that deserved the name of conversation. Six pages a week of a novel, or

of the Lady's Magazine, were the utmost extent of her reading. She did nothing; therefore we could have no fellowship of employment. She thought nothing; therefore we could have no intercourse of mind. All her subjects of interest were strictly selfish; therefore we could not exchange sympathies. Either her extreme indolence, or a latent consciousness of inferiority, made her averse to the society of her equals in rank. Her ignorance or disregard of all established courtesies had banished from her table every guest, except one old maiden relative; whose circumstances obliged, and whose meanness inclined her to grasp at the stinted civilities of Mrs Boswell. To extort even the slightest attention from Mr Boswell, was, as I soon found, an unpardonable offence. Thus, though once more nominally connected with my fellow-creatures, I was, in fact, as lonely as when I first set foot upon a land where every face was new, and every accent was strange to me.

In the many thoughtful hours I spent, what lessons did not my proud spirit receive! All the comforts which I drew from

human converse, or human affection, I owed to a child. For my subsistence I depended upon one of the most despicable of human beings. But my self-knowledge, however imperfect, was now sufficient to render me satisfied with any circumstances which tended to repress my prevailing sin; a temper from which I even then endeavoured to forebode final, though, alas! far distant victory.

Almost the only worldly interest or pleasure which remained for me to forego, I found myself obliged to sacrifice to my new situation. I could not introduce my pupil to the lowly habitation of my Highland friend; and I was too completely shackled to go abroad alone. Thus ended my expectations of reading Ossian in the original; and, what was perhaps a greater disappointment, thus perished my hopes of surprising Mr Maitland—if Maitland and I were ever again to meet. That we should meet I believe I entertained an undefined conviction; for I often caught myself referring to his opinions, and anticipating his decision. Unfortunately this belief had no

rational foundation. It was merely the work of fancy, which, wandering over a world that to me had been desolated, could find no other resting-place.

Though I had no longer leisure to pursue my Gaelic studies, I could not entirely relinquish my interest in Cecil Graham; and I seized an hour to visit and bid her farewell, one morning while Mrs Boswell and my pupil were gone to purchase toys.

When I entered Cecil's apartment, she was kneading oat-cakes upon the only chair which it contained, the litter upon her table not leaving space for such an operation; but on seeing me, she threw aside the dough; and pulling down a ragged stocking from a rope that stretched across the room, she wiped the chair, and very cordially invited me to sit down. "Don't let me interrupt you Cecil," said I.

"Oh it's no interruption, lady," returned Cecil. "I'm sure ye have a lucky foot; and I was feared that I was no' to see you again, 'at I was."

"Why did not you come and visit me then, Cecil?"

"'Deed lady, I was at your lodging one day; and they told me you were away, and where you were gone to; and I went two or three times and sat with the childer' upon the step of the door to see if you would, may be, come out; but I never had luck to see you."

"Why did you not inquire for me?"

"I'se warrant, lady," said Cecil, with a smile of proud humility, "they might have thought a wonder to see the like of me inquiring for you. But much thought have I had about you. They say 'cold is the breath of strangers;'* but troth, if you like to believe me, my heart warmed to you whenever I saw you first."

"Truly, Cecil, I like very much to believe you; for there are not many hearts that warm to me."

"I'se tell you, lady, the last time I saw you, ye were no like yoursel'; ye were as white's canna †; and I just thought that, may be, an ill ee, with your leave, had taken you."

* Is fuar gaoth nan coimheach.

† The down of a plant.

"Does an evil eye injure the complexion of any body except the owner, think you Cecil ?" said I.

"An eye will split a stone,* as they'll say in Glen Eredine," said Cecil, shaking her head very gravely. "But I have something, if you would please to accept; she hit mysel' just on the coat, with your leave, one night going through under the face of Benarde." While she spoke, she was searching about her bed, and at length produced a small stone, shaped somewhat like a gun flint.† "Now," proceeded she, "ye'll just sew that within the lining of your stays, lady; or, with your leave, in the band of your petticoat; and there'll nobody *can* harm you."

"Thank you, Cecil. But if I rob you of this treasure, who knows how far your own good fortune may suffer?"

"Oh laogh mo chridhe,"‡ cried Cecil affectionately, "its good my part to venture

* Sgoltich suil a chlach.

† See note C, at the end of the volume.

‡ A common term of endearment—literally, "Calf of my heart."

any thing for your sake; and if it just please Providence to keep us till we be at Glen Eredine, I'll, may be, get another."

I could not help smiling at Cecil's humble substitute for the care of Providence, and inwardly moralizing upon the equal inefficacy of others which are in more common repute. But as a casual attempt to correct her superstition would have been more likely to shake her confidence in myself than in the elfin arrow, I quietly accepted of her gift; inquiring when she would be in a situation to replace it.

"I don't know, lady," answered Cecil with a sigh. "The weather's clear and bonny, and I am wearying sore for home; but—but I'm half feared that Jemmy might no be easy ye see, when he heard that I was at Eredine."

"How should it make your husband uneasy to hear that you were at home?"

"I don't know," said Cecil, looking down with a faint smile, and stopped; then sighing deeply, she proceeded, relieving her embarrassment by twisting the string of

her apron with great industry. " Ye see, lady, I have a friend in Glen Eredine,—I—I—"

" So much the better, Cecil. That cannot surely be an objection to your going thither."

" I mean,—I would say, a lad like that—I should have married, if it had been so ordered." Cecil stopped, and sighed again.

" And do you think your husband would scruple to trust you, Cecil !" said I.

Her embarrassment instantly vanished, and she looked up steadily in my face. " No, no, lady !" said she, " I'll never think such a thought of him. He's no' so ill-hearted. But he would think that I might be dowie * there, and he so far away ; for it's a sore heart to me, that the poor lad has never been rightly himsel', since my father bade marry Jemmy. And he'll no be forbidden to stand and look after me, and to make of little Kenneth there, and fetch hame our cows at night. And ever since my father died, he'll no be hindered

* Low-spirited.

to shear* my mother's peats, although I have never spoken one word to him, good or bad, since that day that—"

Cecil paused, and drew her sleeve across her eyes. "It was so ordered," said she, "and all's for the best."

"Yes, but Cecil, were not you a little hard-hearted, to forsake such a faithful lover?"

"Ochone! lady, what could I do? It was well kent he was no fitting for me. His forbeers were but strangers, with your leave; and though I say it, I'm sib † to the best gentles in the land. So you see my father would never be brought in."

"And you dutifully submitted to your father!" said I, my heart swelling as I contrasted the filial conduct of this untutored being with my own.

"Woe's me, lady,—I was his own;—he had a good right that I should do his bidding. And besides that, I knew that Robert was no ordained for me;—well knew I that,—that I knew well." And while I

* Cut her turf for firing. † Related.

was musing upon my ill-fated rebellion, Cecil kept ringing changes upon these words; for she would rather have repeated the same idea twenty times, than have allowed of a long pause in conversation, where she was the entertainer.

"How did you discover," I inquired at length, "that there was a decree against your marrying Robert?"

"I'se tell you, lady," answered Cecil, lowering her voice; "we have a seer* in Glen Eredine; and he was greatly troubled with me plainly standing at Jemmy's left hand. And first he saw it in the morning, and always farther up in the day, as the time came near. So he had no freedom in his mind but to tell me. Well, when I heard it, I fell down just as I had been shot; for I knew then what would be. But we must all have our fortune, lady. No' that I'm reflecting; for Jemmy's a good man to me; and an easy life I have had with him."

"That is no more than you deserve,

* One who has the second-sight.

Cecil. A dutiful daughter deserves to be a happy wife."

"Well, now, that's the very word that Miss Graham said, when she was that humble as to busk my first curch * with her *own* hand; aye that's what she did; and when she saw me sobbing as my heart would break, hersel' laid her *own* arm about my neck; and says she, just as had I been her equal, 'my dear Cecil,' says she. The Lord bless her! I thought more of these two words, than of all the good plenishing † she gave me. But for a' that, I had a sorrowful time of it at the first; and a sorrowfuller wedding was never in Glen Eredine, altho' Mr Henry was the best man himsel'; for you see, Jemmy's his foster-brother."

"The best man? Cecil; I do not understand you. I should have thought the bridegroom might be the most important personage for that day at least."

Cecil soon made me comprehend, that she meant a bride-man; whose office, she

* See Note D, at the end of the Volume.

† Household furniture.

said, was to accompany the bridegroom when he went to invite guests to his wedding, and to attend him when he conducted his bride to her home. She told me, that, according to the custom of her country, her wedding was not celebrated till some weeks after she had taken the vows of wedlock; the Highland husband, once secure of his prize, prudently postponing the nuptial festivities and the honey-moon, till the close of harvest brought an interval of leisure. Meanwhile the forsaken lover, whose attachment had become respectable by its constancy, as well as pitiable by its disappointment, was removed from the scene of his rival's success by the humanity of Henry Graham, who contrived to employ him in a distant part of the country. But, in the restlessness of a disordered understanding, poor Robert left his post; wandered unconsciously many a mile; and reached his native glen on the day of Cecil's wedding.

By means of much rhetoric and gesticulation upon Cecil's part, and innumerable questions upon mine, I obtained a tolerably distinct idea of the ceremonial of this wed-

ding. Upon the eventful morning, the reluctant bride presided at a public breakfast, which was attended by all her acquaintance, and honoured by the presence of "the laird himsel'." I will not bring discredit upon the refinement of my Gael, by specifying the materials of this substantial repast, as they were detailed to me with *naive* vanity by Cecil; but I may venture to tell, that, like more elegant fetes of the same name, it was succeeded by dancing. "I danced with the rest," said Cecil, "tho' with your leave, it made my very heart sick; and many a time I thought, Oh, if this dancing were but for my lykwake." * The harbingers of the bridegroom, (or, to use Cecil's phrase, the *send*,) a party of gay young men and women, arrived. Cecil, according to etiquette, met them at the door, welcomed, and offered them refreshments; then turned from them, as the prisoner from one who brings his death-warrant, struggling to gather decent fortitude from despair.

* See Note E, at the end of the Volume.

At last the report of a musket announced the approach of the bridegroom; and it was indispensable that the unwilling bride should go forth to meet him. "The wind might have blawn me like the withered leaf," said Cecil, "I was so powerless; but Miss Graham thought nothing to help me with her *own* arm. Jemmy and I *may* be lucky, continued she, with a boding sigh; but I am sure it was an unchancy place where we had luck to meet;—just where the road goes low down into Dorch'thalla;* the very place where Kenneth Roy, that was the laird's grandfather, saw something that he followed for's ill; and it beguiled him over the rock, where he would have been dashed in pieces though he had been iron. The sun never shines where he fell, and the water's aye black there. Well, it was just there that Jemmy had luck to get sight of us; so then, ye see, he ran forward to meet me, as the custom is in our country. Oh I'll never forget that meeting!" Cecil stopped, shuddering with a look of horror,

* The Dark Den.

which I dared not ask her to explain. "He took off his bonnet," she continued, "to take, with your leave, what he never took off my mouth before; but,—Oh I'll never forget that cry! It was like something unearthly. "Cecil! Cecil!" it cried; and when I looked up, there's Robert, just where the eagle's nest was wont to be; he was just setting back's foot, as he would that moment spring down."

"Did you save him?"

"I, lady! I could not have saved him though he had lighted at my foot. I could do nothing but hide my eyes; and my hands closed so hard, that the nails drew the very blood!"

"Dreadful!" I exclaimed, Cecil's infectious horror making the scene present to me,—"could nobody save him?"

"Nobody had power to do ought," answered Cecil, "save Mr Henry, that's always ready for good. He spoke with a voice that made the craigs shake again; and they that saw his eyes, saw the very fire, as he looked steadily upon Robert, and waved him back with's arm. So then the

poor lad was not so *un*sensible, but he knew to do *his* bidding, for they're no born that dare gainsay *him*. And then Mr Henry round by the foot of the craig, and up the hill as he'd been a roe ; and he caused Robert go home with him to the Castle, and caused keep him there, because he could no settle to work. No' that he's *un*sensible, except when a notion takes him. There's a glen where we were used to make carkets * when we were herds ; and he'll no let the childer' pluck so much as a gowan there ; and ever since the lightning tore the great oak, he'll sit beside her sometimes the summer's day, and calls her always " Poor Robert."

* Garlands of flowers for the neck.

CHAP. XXIII.

Not quit an idiot; for her busy brain
Sought, by poor cunning, trifling points to gain;
Success in childish projects her delight.

——————— So weak a mind,
No art could lead, and no compulsion bind.
The rudest force would fail such mind to tame,
And she was callous to rebuke and shame.

CRABBE.

CECIL's tale, which included all the evening festivities,—the ball,—the throwing of the stocking, and the libation of whisky which was dashed over the married pair, detained me so, long, that Mrs Boswell and my pupil were at home an hour before me. Mrs Boswell, however received me with her usual simper; and suffered the evening to arrive before she began to investigate, with great contrivance and circumlocution,

the cause of my unusual absence. Though provoked at her useless cunning, I readily told her where I had been. But, though the lady had taken me into high favour, and made me the depository of fifty needless secrets, I saw that she did not believe a word of my statement; for Mrs Boswell was one of the many whose defects of the head create a craving for a confident, while those of the heart will never allow them to confide. Perceiving that my word was doubted, I disdained further explanation; and suffered Mrs Boswell to hint and soliloquize without deigning reply.

The little dingy cloud, which scarcely added to their accustomed dulness, was beginning to settle on the features of my hostess, when another attack was made upon her good humour. My pupil, in a romping humour which I could not always restrain, pulled out the comb that confined my hair; which unfortunately extorted from Mr Boswell a compliment on its luxuriance and beauty. Now Mrs Boswell's *chevelure* happened to have an unlucky resemblance to that of a dancing-bear; a cir-

cumstance which I verily believe her poor husband had forgotten, when he incautiously expressed admiration of auburn curls. The lady's face was for once intelligible; her lips grew actually livid; and for some moments she seemed speechless. At last she broke forth. "Her hair may well be pretty," said she; "I am sure it costs her pains enough."

With a smile, more I fear of sarcasm than of good-humour, I thanked her for helping me to some merit, where I was ignorant that I could claim any. Mrs Boswell, either fearing to measure her powers of impertinence with mine, or finding sullenness the most natural expression of her displeasure, made no reply; but sat for a full hour twisting the corner of her pocket-handkerchief, without raising her eyes, or uttering a syllable. At last, she suddenly recovered her spirits; and for the rest of the evening was remarkably gracious and entertaining.

I was not yet sufficiently acquainted with Mrs Boswell to perceive any thing ominous in this change. The next day, however,

while I was alone with my pupil, the child began to frolic round me with a pair of scissars in her hand; making a feint, as if in sport, to cut off my hair. A little afraid of such a play-thing, I desired her to desist; speaking to her, as I always did, in a tone of kindness. "Would you be very sorry," said she, clasping her arms round my neck, and speaking in a half-whisper, "very very sorry, if all your pretty curls were cut off?"

"Indeed, Jessie," answered I smiling, "I am afraid I should; more sorry than the matter would deserve."

"Then," cried the child, throwing away the scissars, "I won't never cut off your hair; not though I should be bid a thousand thousand times."

"Bid!" repeated I, thrown off my guard by astonishment; who could bid you do such a thing?"

"Ah! I must not tell you that, unless you were to promise upon your word—"

"No," interrupted I. "Do not tell me. Be honourable in this at least. And another time, if you wish to injure me, do so

openly. I will endure all the little evil in your power to inflict, rather than you should grow up in the habits of cunning."

That a mother should thus lay a snare for the rectitude of her child, must have appeared incredible, could the fact have admitted of a doubt. I had still too many faults myself to look with calmness upon those of others; and I was seriously angry. "How is it possible," thought I, "to form in this child the habits of rectitude, while I am thus provokingly counteracted; and useless as I am compelled to be, how can I endure to receive the bread of dependence from a creature whose mischief has neither bound nor excuse, except in the weakness of her understanding." In the height of my indignation, I resolved to upbraid Mrs Boswell with her baseness and folly, and then resign my hopeless task. But I had so often and so severely smarted for acting under irritation, that the lesson had at length begun to take effect; and I recollected that it might be wise to defer my remonstrances till I could suppress a temper which was likely to render them both imprudent

and useless. I fear my forbearance was somewhat aided by considering the consequences of renouncing my present situation. However, when I was cool, I conducted my reproofs with what I thought great address. I hid my offending ringlets under a cap, and never more exposed them to the admiration of Mr Boswell. It would have been mere waste of oratory to harangue to Mrs Boswell upon the meanness of artifice; and rather uncivil, all things considered, to talk to her of its inseparable connection with folly; but I represented to her, that the time might come when her daughter would turn against her the arts which she had taught. A fool can never divest an argument of its reference to one particular case. "If she should cut off my hair," said the impracticable Mrs Boswell, "I shan't care much, for wigs are coming into fashion."

"But if even in trifles she learn to betray, how can you be sure that, in the most important concerns of life, she will not play the traitress?"

"Oh no fear," cried Mrs Boswell, nod-

ding her head as she always did when she meant to look sagacious; "I shall be too knowing for her I warrant."

"A blessed emulation!" thought I.

Our dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of Mr Boswell, whose features seemed animated by some incipient scheme. He took his place beside his mate, and forthwith began to toy and flatter; looking, however, as if he would fain have ventured to change the subject. At length the secret came forth. He had met a college companion, with whom he had a great inclination to dine that day. Mrs Boswell said nothing; but she looked denial. Mr Boswell sat silent for a little, and then renewed his manœuvres. The praises of a favourite cap soothed the lady into quiescence; for good-humour is too lively a term to express the more amiable turns of Mrs Boswell's temper. The petitioner seized the favourable moment. "I should really like to dine with poor Tom Hamilton to-day," said he.

"Poor fiddlesticks!" returned the polite

wife. "What have you to do dining with Tom Hamilton."

"I don't know my love; we have not met for twenty years, and he pressed me so much to come and talk over old stories that—that I was obliged to give him a kind of half-promise."

"Nonsense!" quoth the lady, with the decisive tone and aspect; and poor Mr Boswell, with a sigh of resignation, moved his chair towards the fire-place, and began to draw figures in the ashes.

Whether this operation assisted his courage I know not; but, in about ten minutes, he told me in a half whisper, "that, if I would entertain Mrs Boswell, he rather thought he would dine with Tom Hamilton."

"And why should you not? For a husband to go out it is sufficient that he wills it;" said I, parodying a maxim, which was at that time the watch-word of more important revolt. I fancy the smile which accompanied my words, was, for the moment, more terrific to Mr Boswell than his lady's frown; for he instantly left us, and having

secured his retreat beyond the door, put his head back into the room; saying, with a farewell nod, and a voice of constrained ease, "*Au revoir*, my darling, I dine with Hamilton."

"Why, Mr Boswell!" screamed the wife, in a tone between wrath and amazement; but the rebel was beyond recall.

The lady was forthwith invested with an obstinate fit of the sullens. Considering me as the cause of her husband's misconduct, she suffered dinner and some succeeding hours to pass without deigning me even a look or a word. My forte certainly was not submission; therefore, after speaking to her once or twice without receiving an answer, I made no further effort to sooth her, but amused myself with reading, work, or music, exactly as if Mrs Boswell's chair had been vacant. She made several attempts to disturb my amusement. She spilt the ink upon my clothes; but though she made no apology, I assured her, with wicked good-humour, that a farthing's worth of spirit of salt would repair the disaster. She beat poor

Fido, yet even this did not provoke me to speak. She could not make me angry, because, by shewing me that such was her purpose, she engaged my pride to disappoint her. Left to itself, her temper at last made a tolerable recovery; or rather she spared me that she might discharge its full venom upon Mr Boswell.

At a late hour the culprit returned; fortified, as it appeared, by a double allowance of claret, but in high spirits and good-humour. Forgetting that he was in disgrace, he walked as directly as he could towards his offended fair; and, with a look of stupid kindness, offered her his hand. The lady flounced away with great disdain. "Come now my darling," stammered the husband coaxingly, "don't be cross. Be a good girl, and give me a kiss."

"Brute!" replied the judicious wife, giving him a push, which, with the help of the extra bottle, made him stagger to the other side of the room. There he placed himself beside me; protesting that I was a sweet, lovely, good-humoured creature, and that he was sure I had never been out of

temper in my life; with many other equally well-turned compliments. This was the consummation of his misdeeds. Mrs Boswell pulled the bell 'till the wire broke. "Put that creature to bed," said she to the servant, "don't you see he's not fit to be anywhere else?" Mr Boswell was not so much intoxicated as to be insensible to this indignity, which he angrily resisted; while, shocked and disgusted beyond expression, I escaped from the scene of this disgraceful altercation.

The next day Mrs Boswell had recourse, as usual, to silent sullenness; to which she added another mode of tormenting. She constantly held her handkerchief to her eyes, and affected to shed tears. All this, however, was reserved for Mr Boswell's presence, as she soon discovered that it was needless to waste either anger or sensibility upon me. Lest her distress should not sufficiently aggravate the culprit's self-reproach, she pretended that her health was affected by her feelings. It was always one of her Liliputian ambitions to obtain the reputation of a feeble appetite. But

now this infirmity increased to such a degree that Mrs Boswell absolutely could not swallow a morsel; nor, which was much worse, could she see food tasted by another without demonstrations of loathing. Nevertheless, she regularly appeared at table; and, for three days, every meal was disquieted by the landlady's disgust at our voracity.

Poor Mr Boswell, now completely quelled, did what man could do to restore peace and appetite. He coaxed, entreated, and offered her, I believe, all the compounds recorded in all the cookery books—but in vain. Deaf as the coldest damsel of romance to the prayer of offending love, was Mrs Boswell. She retained her youthful passion for sweetmeats; and her good-natured husband came one morning into her dressing-room fraught with such variety of confections, that I was surprised at the self-command with which she refused them all. I could not help laughing to see him court the great baby with sugar-plums; she answering like any other spoilt child, only by twisting her face and thrusting forward

her shoulder; nor was my gravity at all improved, when Fido, making his way into some concealment, drew forth the remains of a portly sirloin.

Mr Boswell looked as if he would fain have joined in my laugh; but he foresaw the coming storm, and prudently effected his retreat. Mrs Boswell's face grew livid with rage. She snatched the poker, and would have struck the poor animal dead, had I not arrested her arm. "Stop, woman!" said I, in a voice at which I myself was almost startled, "degrade yourself no further." It is not the rage of such a creature as Mrs Boswell that can resist the voice of stern authority. Her eye fixed by mine as by the gaze of a rattle-snake, she timidly laid aside her weapon; and shrunk back, muttering that she did not mean to hurt my dog.

From that time Mrs Boswell discovered a degree of enmity towards the poor animal, which I could not have imagined even her to feel towards any thing less than a moral agent. Not that she avowed her antipathy; but I now knew her well enough to

detect it even in the caresses which she bestowed on him. She was constantly treading on him, scalding him, tormenting him in every possible way, all by mere accident; and if I left him within her reach, I was sure to be recalled by his howlings. The poor animal cowered at the very sight of her. At last he was provoked to avail himself of his natural means of defence; and one evening, when she had risen from her sofa on purpose to stumble over him, he bit her to the bone.

The moment she recovered from the panic and confusion which this accident occasioned, she insisted upon having the animal destroyed; upon the vulgar plea, that, if he should ever go mad, she must immediately be affected with hydrophobia. Pitying her uneasiness, I at first tried to combat this ridiculous idea, but I soon found that she was determined to resist conviction. "All I said might be true, but she had heard of such things, and for her part she should never know rest or peace, while the life of that animal left the possibility of such a horrible catastrophe." At

last I was obliged to tell her peremptorily, that nothing should induce me to permit the destruction of my poor old favourite, the relic of better times, the last of my friends. I humoured her folly, however, so far as to promise that I would find a new abode for him on the following day. Mrs Boswell was relentlessly sullen all the evening; but I was inflexible.

The only way which occurred to me of disposing of poor Fido, was to commit him to the care of Cecil Graham, at least till she should leave Edinburgh. In the morning, therefore, I prepared for a walk, intending to convey my favourite to his new protectress. My pupil was, as usual, eager to accompany me; and when I refused to permit her, she took the course which had often led her to victory elsewhere, and began to cry bitterly. This, however, was less effectual with me than with her mother. I persisted in my refusal; telling her that her tears only gave me an additional motive for doing so, since I loved her too well to encourage her in fretfulness and self-will. Mrs Boswell, however, moved

somewhat by her child's lamentations, but more by rivalry towards me, soothed and caressed the little rebel; and finally insisted that I should yield the point. Angry as I was, I commanded my temper sufficiently to let the mother legislate for her child; and submitted in silence. But when we were about to set out, Fido was nowhere to be found. After seeking him in vain, I would have given up my expedition; but Mrs Boswell would not suffer Jessie to be disappointed, so we departed.

I found Cecil's apartment vacant, and all its humble furniture removed. I comprehended that she had returned to her native wilds; and I felt that the connection must be slight indeed which we can without pain see broken for ever! She was gone, and had not left among the thousands whose hum even now broke upon my ear, one being who would bestow upon me a wish or a care. "Poor feeble Ellen!" said I to myself, as I dashed the tears from my eyes, "where foundest thou the disastrous daring which could once renounce the charities of

nature, and spurn the intercourse of thy kind?"

A natural feeling leading me to inquire into the particulars of Cecil's departure, I made my way into an adjoining apartment, which was occupied by another family.

On my first entrance, the noisome atmosphere almost overcame me; and, unwilling to expose my little charge to its effects, I desired her to remain without, and wait my return; but her morning's lesson of disobedience had not been lost, and I presently found her at my side.

In answer to my inquiries, the people of the house told me that Cecil had been gone for several days; but as to the particulars of her fate, they shewed an ignorance and unconcern scarcely credible in persons who had lived under the same roof. Disgusted with all I saw, I was turning away; when a groan, which seemed to issue from a darker part of the room, drew my steps towards a wretched bed, where lay a young woman in the last stage of disease. I had inquired whether she had any medical assistance, and been answered that she had none,

—I had bent over her for some minutes, touched the parched skin, and tried to count the fluttering pulse—before, my eye accommodating itself to the obscurity, I perceived the unconscious gaze and flushed cheek which indicate delirious fever. I turned hastily away; but more serious alarm took possession of me when I observed that my pupil had followed me close to the bedside, and in childish curiosity was inhaling the very breath of infection. I instantly hurried her away, and returned home.

Though expecting that Mrs Boswell would throw upon me the blame which more properly belonged to herself, I did not hesitate to acquaint her with this accident; begging her to advise with the family surgeon whether any antidote could still be applied. But Mrs Boswell was touched with a more lively alarm than poor Jessie's danger could awaken. "Bless me!" she cried, "Did you touch the woman! Pray don't come near me. Campbell! get me ever so much vinegar. Pray go away, Miss Percy. I would not be near a person that had the fever for the whole world."

"Were every one of your opinion, Madam," said I, "a fever would be almost as great a misfortune as infamy itself; but since you are so apprehensive, Jessie and I will remain above stairs for the rest of the day."

At the door of my apartment I found poor Fido extended, stiff and motionless. Startled by somewhat unnatural in his posture, I called to him. The poor animal looked at me, but did not stir. "Fido!" I called again, stooping to pat his head. He looked up once more; wagged his tail; gave a short low whine; and died.

Many would smile were I to describe what I felt at that moment; and yet I believe there are none who could unmoved lose the last memorial of friend and parent, or part unmoved with the creature which had sported with their infancy, and grown old beneath their care. Fido was my last earthly possession. Besides him I had nothing. I thank Heaven that the greater part of my kind must look back to the deprivations of early childhood, ere they can know what a melancholy value this single

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circumstance gives to what is in itself of little worth.

My feelings took a new turn, when it suddenly occurred to me that my poor old favourite owed his death not to disease, but to poison. His appearance, as well as the suddenness of his death, confirmed the suspicion. Strong indignation already working in my breast, I hastened to question the servants. They all denied the deed ; but with such reservations, as shewed me that they at least guessed at the perpetrator. Breathless with resentment, and with a vain desire to vent it all yet to vent it calmly, I entered Mrs Boswell's apartment, and steadily questioned her upon the fact. Mrs Boswell forgot her late alarm, or rather my flashing eye was for a moment an over-match for the fever. She changed colour more than once ; but she answered me with that forced firmness of gaze, which often indicates determined falsehood. "She could not imagine who could do such a thing.—She could not believe that the animal was poisoned.—She did not suppose that any of the servants would venture. In

short, she was persuaded that Fido died a natural death."

"That shall be examined into," said I, still looking at her in stern inquiry. Again she changed colour, and resumed her denials, but with a more restless and evasive aspect. Presently my glance followed her's to some papers which lay upon the table. I saw her, as if by accident cover them with her hand, then dexterously throw them upon the ground; and she was just endeavouring to conceal them with her foot when I snatched up one of them. I observed that it had been the envelope of a small parcel; and turning the reverse, saw that it was marked with the word "arsenic."

Dumb for a moment with unutterable scorn, I merely presented the paper to Mrs Boswell, and hearing her stammer out some lying explanation, turned in disgust away. But indignation again supplied me with words. "Find another instructor for your child, Mrs Boswell." said I, "I will no longer tell her to despise treachery, and falsehood, and cruelty, lest I teach her to scorn her mother."

Then, without waiting reply, I left the room.

"Dost thou well to be angry?" said my conscience, as soon as she had time to speak. I answered, as every angry woman will answer, "Yes. I do well to be angry. Vile were the spirit that would not stir against such inhuman baseness!" This was well spoken,—perhaps it was well felt. Yet I would advise all lofty spirits to be abstemious in their use of noble indignation. It borders too nearly on their prevailing sin.

I soon recollected, that I had renounced my only means of support; but it is a feeble passion which cannot justify its own acts. "Better so," said I, "than receive the bread of dependence from one whom I ought to despise; or cling to an office in which I can perform nothing."

I began, however, to look with some uneasiness to the consequences of my rashness. I had neither home, property, nor friends. That which gives independence,—the only real independence—to the poorest menial, was wanting to me; for I had neither strength for bodily labour, nor reso-

lution to endure want. Nor could I claim the irresistible consolation of tracing, in the circumstances of my lot, the arrangements of a father's wisdom. My own temerity had shaped my fate. My own impatience of human wickedness and folly was about to cut me off from human support; and I, who had no forbearance for the weakness of my brethren, was about to try what strength was in myself.

All this might perhaps pass darkly through my mind, but was not permitted to take a determinate form. The sin, whatever it be, which easily besets us, is to each of us the arch-deceiver. It is the first which the Christian renounces in general, the last which he learns to detect in its particulars. I had resolved to call my self-will, "virtuous indignation," for indeed my ruling frailty has had, in its time, as many styles and titles as any ruler upon earth, though seldom like them designed by its *Christian* name.

It was an obvious escape from examining the past, to anticipate the future. I had some experience of the difficulties which

awaited me; and knew how little my merits, such as they were, would avail towards the advancement of an unfriended stranger. Yet the fearless buoyancy of my temper supported me. I had now spent in Mrs Boswell's family three months of weariness and drudgery, for which I had received no remuneration; I concluded, of course, that she was my debtor for some return, however small. Upon this sum I expected to subsist till some favourable change should take place in my situation. How or whence this change should come, I fancy I should have been puzzled to divine; so I was content with assuring myself that come it certainly would.

At the beginning of my connection with Mrs Boswell, I had, with more politeness than prudence, submitted the recompense of my services to her decision. From that time she seemed to have forgotten the subject; and delicacy, or perhaps pride, forbade me to bring it to her recollection. It was now absolutely necessary to surmount this feeling; but it was surmounted in vain. Mrs Boswell reminded me, that I had sti-

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pulated for protection only; and declared, that she understood me as engaged to serve her without any other reward. Confounded as I was at her meanness and effrontery, I yet retained sufficient command of temper to address a civil appeal to a faculty which, in Mrs Boswell's mind, was an absolute blank; but argument was vain, and my only resource was an application to Mr Boswell.

Well knowing that his lady's presence would give a fatal bias to the scales of justice, I requested to speak with him in private. Unwilling to shock him by a detail of his wife's baseness, I assigned no reason for the resolution which I announced of quitting his family. I merely submitted to his arbitration the misunderstanding which had arisen in regard to the terms of my servitude. I had reason to be flattered by the regret, perhaps, I might rather say dismay, with which the good man heard of my intended removal. With every expression of affectionate and fatherly regard, he entreated me to reconsider my purpose. He assured me, that it was the first wish of his heart

that his child should resemble me; he said, that he could neither hope nor even desire to see another obtain such influence as I had already gained over her; and that all his prospects of comfort depended on the use of this influence. "I need not affect to disguise from you, my dear Miss Percy," said he, "that Mrs Boswell, however willing, is not likely to assist much in forming Jessie's temper and manners. The variableness of her spirits ——"

"Spirits!" repeated I involuntarily.

"Well," resumed Mr Boswell with a heavy sigh, "perhaps I should rather have said temper. But whatever it be, the more useless it makes her to Jessie, and the more vexatious to me, the more have we both need of that delightful gaiety, that blessed sweetness which breathes peace and cheerfulness wherever you come. Dear Miss Percy, say that you will remain with my girl, that you will teach her to be as delightful as yourself, and you will repay me for ten of the most comfortless years that ever a poor creature spent."

Somewhat embarrassed by this strange

sort of confidence, I answered, that were I to accept the trust he offered, I should only disappoint his expectations, since all my influence with my pupil was as nothing compared with that which was thrown into the opposite scale. I therefore renewed my request, that he would enable me immediately to relinquish my charge.

Mr Boswell employed all his rhetoric to change my resolution, but I was inflexible. "Well well!" said he at last, with a sigh and a shrug, "I see how it is. The same confounded nonsense that has driven every comfort from my doors for these ten years past, is driving you away too. Well well! Hang me if I can help it. A man must submit to any thing for the sake of peace."

"Undoubtedly," said I, suppressing a smile; "while he finds that he actually reaps that fruit from his submission."

"Why as to that I can't say much. But bad as matters are, they might be worse if I were as determined to have my own way as my wife is. I have tried it once or twice indeed; but—really her perseverance is most wonderful!" Mr Boswell pursued the

subject at great length; labouring to convince me, or rather to convince himself, that where submission was unattainable on the one side, the defect ought to be supplied by the other; always inferring from the necessary unhappiness of his situation, that I ought not, by my departure, to deprive him of his only remaining comfort. All he could obtain, however, was my consent to continue in his family for a few days longer. In return, he promised the full discharge of my claim upon Mrs Boswell, as soon as he should find means to dispose of such a sum *peaceably;* that is, as soon as he could by stealth abstract so much of his own property.

I suppose the pleasures of complaint increase in proportion to the folly and impropriety of complaining. I never could otherwise account for the frequent lamentations over the perfidy of lovers and the obduracy of parents; nor imagine any other reason why Mr Boswell, having once entered on the subject of his conjugal distresses, returned to it on every possible occasion. In his wife's presence it was recalled

to my recollection by cautious hints, and by significant sighs and looks. In her absence the theme seemed inexhaustible.

The embarrassment inflicted on me by this continual reference to a secret was increased, when I perceived that Mrs Boswell, whose jealousy in this instance supplied her want of penetration, suspected some intelligence between her husband and myself. She was now, indeed, under a stubborn fit of taciturnity; but I had at last learnt to read a countenance which never forsook its stony blank, except to express some modification of malevolence. I alarmed Mr Boswell into more caution; but when the lady's suspicions once were roused, it was not in the most guarded prudence, nor in the most open simplicity of conduct to lull them.

Unfortunately Mr Boswell and I soon found a more legitimate subject of sympathy: The very day after her ill-fated visit to the abode of disease, poor Jessie shewed symptoms of infection; and before the week expired, was pronounced to be in extreme danger. The mother, on this occasion,

shewed a degree of anxiety, which was wonderful in Mrs Boswell. She sent for nurse after nurse, and for doctors innumerable. She made diligent inquiry after a fortune-teller, to unveil the fate of her child; and she actually shed tears when the fire emitted a splinter which she called a coffin. Stronger minds than Mrs Boswell's become superstitious, when their most important concerns depend upon circumstances over which they have no control. Finally, she questioned every member of the family concerning the best cure for a fever, and insisted that all their prescriptions should be applied. Fortunately, however, no consideration could prevail upon her to superintend the application. To approach the infected chamber, she would have thought nothing less than *felo de se*;—therefore the poor little sufferer was spared many unnecessary torments.

Mrs Boswell carried her dread of infection so far, that she would hold no direct communication with any one who entered the sick room; and she positively forbade her husband to approach his suffering child.

But to this interdiction the father could not submit. His visits were stolen indeed, but they were frequent; and he evinced on these occasions a sensibility which could scarcely have been expected from the easy indifference of his general temper. Often, while others were at rest, did the father hang over the sick-bed of his child; offer the draught to her parched lips; and shed upon her altered face the tear of him who trembles for his only hope.

To his kindness and his sorrow she was alike insensible. Her fondness for me seemed the only recollection which her delirium had spared. She would accept of no sustenance except from my hand. If I was withdrawn from her sight, her eye wandered in restless search of something desired; though when I appeared, it often fixed on me with a heart-breaking vacancy of gaze. Thus circumstanced, I could no longer think of deserting her. Indeed I never quitted her even for an hour; and when wearied out I sunk to sleep, it was only to start again at her slightest summons. These attentions, which I must

have been a savage to withhold, extorted from Mr Boswell the warmest expressions of gratitude;—gratitude, which springs so readily in every human heart, yet so rarely takes root there, and so very rarely becomes fruitful.

"God reward thee, blessed creature!" said he once, when late in the night we were separating at the door of the sick-room, where he had been sharing the vigils of the nurse and me. "My child's own mother forsakes her, whilst you!—God reward you." As he spoke, he clasped my hand between his, and fervently pressed his lips to my forehead. But I started with a confusion like that of detected guilt, when I perceived, at a little distance, the half-concealed face of Mrs Boswell, scowling malignity and detection. Whilst I stood for a moment in motionless expectation of what was to follow, she darted forward, undressed as she was; her lip quivering, her face void of all colour except a line of strong scarlet bordering her eyelids. "Mighty well!" cried she in accents half choked by something between a hysterical giggle

and a sob. "Mighty well indeed! I knew how it was! I have seen it all well enough. But I'm not such a fool as you think! I won't endure it—that I won't."

Provoked by the recollection that this degrading remonstrance was uttered within hearing of a domestic, I looked towards Mr Boswell for defence; but seeing him cower like a condemned culprit, I was obliged to answer for myself. "What will you not endure Madam?" said I. "Your own preposterous fancy?—I know of nothing else that you have to endure."

Mrs Boswell's natural cowardice always took part against her with a resolute antagonist. "I am sure," said she, whimpering between fear and wrath, "I don't want to have any words with you, Miss Percy—only I wish—I am sure it would be very obliging if you would go quietly out of this house—and not stay here enticing other people's husbands—"

At this coarse accusation, the indignant blood rose to my forehead. But the provocation was great enough to remind me that this was a fit occasion of forbearance;

and I subdued my voice and countenance into stern composure, while I said, " Woman! I would answer you were I sure of speaking only what a Christian ought to speak." Then turning from her, I took refuge from further insult in the apartment which I knew she did not dare to approach.

There I sat down to consider what course I should pursue. I had been insolently forbidden the house; and every moment that I remained in it might subject me to new affront. The very attendants in the sick-room, could, with difficulty, restrain the merriment excited by Mrs Boswell's ridiculous attack; and I felt as if the impertinence of their half-suppressed smiles was partly directed against me. They had heard my dismission; and every instant that I delayed to avail myself of it seemed a new degradation. The most rooted passion of my nature, therefore, urged my immediate departure; but I had now learned to lend a suspicious ear to its suggestions. " I shall never be humble," thought I, " if I resist every occasion of humiliation; and

when I looked upon the altered countenance of my poor little charge, I could have endured any thing rather than have withdrawn its last comfort from her ebbing life: I resumed my place by her side, resolved never voluntarily to quit her while my cares could administer to her relief.

My task was now of short duration. The very next day the physician informed me that the crisis of the disorder was at hand; and that an hour which he named would either bring material amendment, or lasting release from suffering. I entreated that the anxiety of the parents might not be aggravated by a knowledge of this circumstance; and undertook, myself, to watch the event of the critical hour.

The day passed in silent suspense. Mrs Boswell did not dare to approach me; and she contrived, by what means I know not, to keep her husband away. I was truly thankful to be thus spared from contest; for I had begun to feel the consequences of breathing the polluted air of confinement. A heavy languor was upon me. My eyes turned pained from the light. I was rest-

less; yet I moved uneasily, for my limbs seemed burdened beyond their strength. In vain I tried to struggle against these harbingers of disease. Infection had done its work, and my disorder increased every hour. The physician, at his evening visit, observing my haggard looks, desired that I should immediately endeavour to obtain some rest. But to sleep during the hour that was to decide poor Jessie's fate, I should at any time have found impossible. I watched her till the appointed time was past; saw her drop into the promised sleep; sat motionless beside her during the anxious hours of its continuance; and, with a joy which brightened even the progress of disease, beheld her lifting upon me once more the eye of intelligence, and beaming upon me once more the smile of ease.

Thinking only of the joyful news I had to tell, I ran to inquire for Mr Boswell. He was in his dressing-room; and thither I hastened to seek him. I entered; and told my tale, I know not how. "Thank God!" the father tried to say, but could not. He burst into tears. The first words

he spoke blessed me for having saved his child; the next expressed his eager wish to see her. We were leaving the dressing-room together, when we met Mrs Boswell. Her face growing livid with rage, and her voice sharpening to something like the scream of a Guinea fowl, she exclaimed, "Well! if this is not beyond every thing! To go into his very room! You are a shameless, abominable man, Mr Boswell. But I'll be revenged on you—that I will."

"I went into Mr Boswell's room, Madam," interrupted I calmly, "to tell him that his daughter is out of immediate danger; and I was just going to convey the same news to you."

"Oh! no doubt but you'll be clever enough to find some excuse. But I don't wish to have any thing to say to you, Miss Percy,—only I tell you civilly, go away out of my house. I'm sure the house is my own; and it is very hard if I can't—— so go this moment I tell you.—"

She had gone too far. The mildest spirits are, when roused, the most tremendous; and Mr Boswell's was, for the mo-

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ment, completely roused. Seizing her with a grasp which made me tremble, "Speak that again at your peril, Mrs Boswell." said he. "Her stay depends upon herself, whilst I have a roof to shelter her." Then, throwing her from him, he passed on, whilst I shuddered at perceiving that his grasp had wrung the blood-drops from her fingers. The poor creature, terrified by this first instance of violence, stood gazing after him in trembling silence. "Compose yourself Mrs Boswell," said I, as soon as he was out of hearing; "I will immediately be gone. I staid only for the sake of poor Jessie; now, nothing would tempt me to remain here another hour."

Spent with the exertion which I had made, I could scarcely reach my chamber. I immediately began to collect my little property for removal; but before my preparations, trifling as they were, could be finished, my strength failed, and I sunk upon my bed.

A strange confusion seemed now to seize me. Black shadows swam before my eyes, succeeded by glares of bloody light. Then

hideous phantoms crowded round me, till my very breathing was oppressed by their numbers; and one of them, more frightful than the rest, laid on my forehead the weight of his fiery hand. Then came a confused hope that all was but a frightful dream, from which I struggled to rouse myself. I spoke, as if my own voice could dispel the terrible illusion. I endeavoured to rise, that I might shake off this dreadful sleep. In an instant I was on the brink of a fearful precipice, from which I shrunk in vain. Hands invisible hurried me down the fathomless abyss.

Again I perceived that these horrors were illusory. I strove to convince myself, that I was indeed in my own chamber, surrounded by objects familiar to my sight. My mind rallied its last strength, to recall the remembrance of my situation. Along with this, a dark suspicion of the truth stole upon me.

"Merciful Heaven!" I cried, "are my senses indeed wandering; and must I be driven forth homeless while fever is rag-

ing in my brain! Forbid it! Oh forbid it!"

By a violent effort I flung myself on my knees. With an earnestness which hastened the dreaded evil, I supplicated an escape from this worst calamity; and implored, that the body might perish before the spirit were darkened. But ere the melancholy petition was closed, its fervour had wandered into delirium.

A time passed which I have no means to measure; and I saw a female form approach me. She seemed alternately to wear the aspect of my mother and of Miss Mortimer; yet she rejected my embrace; and when I called her by their names, she answered not. She clothed me in what seemed the chill vestments of the grave; she hurried me through the air with the rapidity of light; then consigned me to two dark and fearful shapes; and again I was hurried on.

At last the breath of Heaven for a moment cooled my throbbing brow. I looked up and saw that I was in the hands of two

persons of unknown and rugged countenance. They lifted me into a carriage. It drove off with distracting speed.

The succeeding days are a blank in my being.

CHAP. XXIV.

For he has wings which neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain.

COWPER.

I WAS awakened as from the deepest sleep, by a cry wild and horrible. It was followed by shouts of dissonant laughter, unlike the cheering sounds of human mirth. They seemed but the body's convulsion, in which the spirit had no part. I started and listened;—a ceaseless hum of voices wearied my ear.

A recollection of the past came upon me, mixed with a strange uncertainty of my present state. The darkness of mid-

night was around me; why then was its stillness broken by more than the discords of day? I spoke, in hopes that some attendant might be watching my sick-bed;—no one answered to my call. I half-raised my feeble frame to try what objects I could discern through the gloom. High above my reach, a small lattice poured in the chill night wind; but gave no light that could shew aught beyond its own form and position. As I looked fixedly towards it, I perceived that it was grated. " Am I then a prisoner?" thought I. " But it matters not. A narrower cell will soon contain all of poor Ellen that a prison can confine." And, worn out with my effort, I laid myself down with that sense of approaching dissolution, which sinks all human situations to equality.

I closed my eyes, and my thoughts now flew unbidden to that unknown world from which, in the days of levity, they had shrunk affrighted; and to which, even in better times, they had often been turned with effort.

Presently a female voice, as if from the

adjoining chamber, began a plaintive song; which now died away, now swelled in mournful caprice, till, as it approached the final cadence, it wandered with pathetic wildness into speech. I listened to the hopeless lamentation;—heard it quicken into rapid utterance, sink into the low inward voice, then burst into causeless energy;—and I felt that I was near the haunt of madness. The shuddering of horror came over me for a moment. But one thought alone has power to darken the departing spirit with abiding gloom. The worst earthly sorrows play over her as a passing shadow, and are gone. "Poor maniac!" thought I, "thou and the genius which now guides and delights mankind will soon alike be as I am."

But why record the feeble disjointed efforts of a soul struggling with her clog of earth? Oh had my strivings to enter the strait gate been *then* to begin, where should I, humanly speaking, have found strength for the endeavour? My mind, weakened with my body, could feel indeed, but could no longer reason; it could keenly hope and fear, but it could no longer exercise

over thought that guidance which makes thinking a rational act. Worn out at last with feelings too strong for my frame, I sunk to sleep; and, in spite of the dreariest sounds which rise from human misery, slept quietly till morning.

Then the daylight gave a full view of my melancholy abode. Its extent was little more than sufficient to contain the low flock-bed on which I lay. The naked walls were carved with many a quaint device; and one name was written on them in every possible direction, and joined with every epithet of endearment. Well may I remember them; for often, often, after having studied them all, have I turned wearily to study them again.

As I lay contemplating my prison, a step approached the door; the key grated in the lock; and a man of a severe and swarthy countenance stood before me. He came near, and offered me some food of the coarsest kind, from which my sickly appetite turned with disgust; but when he held a draught of milk and water to my lips, I eagerly swallowed it, making a faint ges-

ture of thanks for the relief. The stern countenance relaxed a little! "You are better this morning," said the man.

"I soon shall be so," answered I with a languid smile.

Without farther conference he was turning to depart; when, recollecting that I should soon need other cares, and shrinking with womanly reluctance from owing the last offices to any but a woman, I detained him by a sign. "I have a favour to beg of you," said I. "I shall not want many."

"Well!" said the man, lingering with a look of idle curiosity.

"When I am gone," said I, "will you persuade some charitable woman to do whatever must be done for me; for I was once a gentlewoman, and have never known indignity."

The man promised without hesitation to grant my request. Encouraged by my success, I proceeded. "I have a friend too; perhaps you would write to him."

"Oh yes—who is he?" said the man, looking inquisitively.

"Mr Maitland, the great West India merchant. Tell him that Ellen Percy died here; and dying remembered him with respect and gratitude."

The man looked at me with a strong expression of surprise, which quickly gave place to an incredulous smile; then turned away, saying carelessly, "Oh yes, I'll be sure to tell him;" and quitted the cell.

During that day, my trembling hopes, my solemn anticipations, were interrupted only by the return of the keeper, to bring my food at stated hours. But on the following day, I became sensible of such amendment, that the natural love of life began to struggle with the hopes and the fears of "untried being."

With the prospect of prolonged existence, however, returned those anxieties which, in one form or another, beset every heart that turns a thought earthward. The idea of confinement in such a place of imprisonment, perhaps perpetual, mingled the expectations of recovery with horror. To live only to be sensible to the death of all my affections, of all my hopes, of all my enjoy-

ments!—To retain a living consciousness in that place where was no "knowledge, nor work, nor device."—To look back upon a dreary blank of time, and forward to one unvaried waste!—To pine for the fair face of nature! perhaps to live till it was remembered but as a dream! Gracious Heaven! what strength supported me under such thoughts of horror? Language cannot express the fearful anxiety with which I awaited the return of the only person who could relieve my apprehensions.

The moment he appeared, I eagerly accosted him. "Tell me," I cried, "why I am here: Surely I am no object for such an institution as this. Mr and Mrs Boswell know that my fever was caught in attending their own child."

"To be sure they do;" said the man soothingly.

"Why then have they sent me to such a place as this?"

The man was silent for a moment, and then answered, "Why what sort of a place do you take it for? You don't think this is

a mad-house do you ?" Seeing that I looked at him with surprise and doubt, he added; "This is only an asylum, a sort of infirmary for people who have your kind of fever."

I now perceived that he thought it necessary to humour me as a lunatic. "For mercy's sake," I cried, "do not trifle with me. You may easily convince yourself that I am in perfect possession of my reason; do so then, and let me begone. This place is overpowering to my spirits."

"The moment you get well," returned the man coolly, "you shall go. We would not keep you after that, though you would give us ever so much. But I could not be answerable to let you out just now, for fear of bringing back your fever."

With this assurance I was obliged for the present to be contented. Yet a horrible fear, sometimes returned, that he would only beguile me with false hope from day to day; and when he next brought my homely repast, I again urged him to fix a time for my release. "I am recovering strength

so rapidly," said I, "that I am sure in a few days I may remove."

"Oh yes!" answered he, "I think in a fortnight at farthest you will be quite well; provided you keep quiet, and don't fret yourself about fancies."

While he spoke, I fixed my eyes earnestly upon him, to see whether I could discover any sign of mental reservation; but he spoke with all the appearance of good faith, and I was satisfied.

My spirits now reviving with my health and my hopes, I endeavoured to view my condition with something more than resignation. "Surely," said I to myself, "it should even be my choice to dwell for a time amidst scenes of humiliation, if here I can find the weapons of my warfare against the stubborn pride of nature and of habit. And whatever be *my* choice, this place has been selected for me by Him whose will is my improvement. Let me not then frustrate his gracious purpose. Let me consider what advantage he intends me in my present state. Alas! why have I so often deferred to seasons of rare occurrence the

lessons which the events of the most ordinary life might have taught me?"

Carefully I now reviewed my actions, my sentiments, and my purposes, as they had lately appeared to me in the anticipation of a righteous sentence. What tremendous importance did each then assume! The work perhaps of a moment seemed to extend its influence beyond the duration of worlds. The idle word, uttered with scarcely an effort of the will, indicated perhaps a temper which might colour the fate of eternity. In a few days, I learnt more of myself than nineteen years had before taught me; for the light which gleamed upon me as it were from another world, was of power to shew all things in their true form and colour. I saw the insidious nature, the gigantic strength, the universal despotism of my bosom sin. I saw its power even in actions which had veiled its form; its stamp was upon sentiments which bore not its name; its impression had often made even "the fine gold become dim." Its baleful influence had begun in my cradle, had increased through my childhood, had

dictated alike the enmities and the friendships of my youth. It had rejected the counsels of Miss Mortimer; trifled with the affection of Maitland; spurned the authority of my father; and hurried me to the brink of a connection in which neither heart nor understanding had part. It had embittered the cup of misfortune; poisoned the wounds of treachery; and dashed from me the cordial of human sympathy. It had withheld gratitude in my prosperity; it had robbed my adversity of resignation. It had mingled even with the tears of repentance, while the proud heart unwillingly felt its own vileness; it had urged, I fear, even the labours of virtue, with the hope of earning other than unmerited favour. It had eluded my pursuit, resisted my struggles, betrayed my watchfulness. It had driven me from an imaginary degradation among "mine own people," to desolation, want, and dependence, among strangers. When were greater sacrifices extorted by self-denial, that "lion in the way" which has scared so many from the paths of peace? Even the employment, which, by an undeserved good for-

tune, I had obtained, was degraded into slavery by the temper which represented my employer as alike below my gratitude and my indignation; while the pleasure with which pride contemplates its own eminence, had blinded me to the awful danger denounced against those who cherish habitual contempt for the meanest of their brethren.

I now saw, that, even with the despised Mrs Boswell, I had need to exchange forgiveness; since, against the evils which she had inflicted on me, I had to balance a scorn even more galling than injury. Of the injustice of this scorn I became sensible, when I considered that it was directed less against her faults than her understanding; less against the baseness of her means than the insignificance of her ends; since what was at once the excuse and the mitigation of her vices, formed the only reason why they were less endurable to me than the craft and the cruelty of politicians and conquerors. When I remembered that a few hours of sickness had sufficed to reduce me in intellect far below

even the despised Mrs Boswell; that a derangement of the animal frame, so minute as to baffle human search, might blot the rarest genius from the scale of moral being; while I shrunk from the harrowing ravings of creatures who could once reason and reflect like myself, I felt the force of the warning which forbids the wise to "glory in his wisdom." I admitted as a principle what I had formerly owned as an opinion, that the true glory of man consists not in the ingenuity by which he builds systems, or unlocks the secrets of nature, or guides the opinions of a wondering world; but in that capacity of knowing, loving, and serving God, of which all are by nature equally destitute, and which all are equally and freely invited to receive.

The reflections of those few days it would require months to record. They furnished indeed my sole business, devotion my sole pleasure. My cell contained no object to divert my attention; and the stated returns of the keeper were the only varieties of my condition. My strength, however, gradually returned. I was able to rise

from my bed, and to walk, if the size of my apartment had admitted of walking. *

It may well be believed that I counted the hours of my captivity, and I did not fail to remind the keeper daily of his promise. It was not till the day preceding that which he had fixed for my liberation, that I discovered any sign of an intention to retract.

"To-morrow I shall breathe the air of freedom," said I to him exultingly, while I was taking my humble repast.

"I am sure you have air enough where you are," returned the man.

"Oh but you may well imagine how a prisoner longs for liberty!"

"You are no more a prisoner than any body else that is not well. I am sure, though I were to let you out, you are not fit to go about yet."

"Though you were to——Oh Heaven! you do not mean to detain me still! You will keep your promise with me!"

"Oh yes," said the man, with that voice

* See note F, at the end of the volume.

of horrible soothing which made my blood run cold; "never fear, you shall get out to-morrow;" and, regardless of my endeavours to detain him, he instantly left me.

"You shall get out to-morrow," I repeated a thousand times, in distressful attempt to convince myself that a promise so explicit could not be broken. Yet the horrible doubt returned again and again. Drops of agony stood upon my forehead as I looked distractedly upon those narrow walls, and thought they might inclose me for ever. "God of mercy," I cried, casting myself wildly on my knees, "wilt thou permit this? Hast thou supported me hitherto only to forsake me in my extremity of need! Oh no! I wrong thy goodness by the very thought."

Well may our religion be called the religion of hope; for who can remember that "unspeakable gift" which every address to Heaven must recall to the Christian's view, without feeling a trust which outweighs all causes of fear? By degrees I recovered composure, then hope, then cheerfulness; and when, at the keeper's

evening visit, I had extorted from him another renewal of his promise, I was so far satisfied as to prepare myself by a quiet sleep for the trials which awaited my waking.

The next morning a bright sun was gleaming through my grated window; and anxiously I watched the lingering progress of its shadow along the wall. Long, long, I listened for the heavy tread of the keeper; thought myself sure that his hour of coming was past; and dreaded that his stay was ominous of evil. When at last I heard the welcome sounds of his approach, and felt that at last the moment of certainty was come, faintness seized me; and I remained motionless, unable to inquire my doom.

The man looked keenly at the fixed eye which wanted power to turn from him. "I thought as much," said he triumphantly. "I'll lay a crown you don't wish to go out to-day."

"Oh yes indeed!" I cried, starting up with sudden hope and animation, "I would go this instant!"

The man again examined my face inqui-

sitively. "Eat your breakfast then," said he, "and put on these clothes I have brought you. I shall come back for you presently."

Language cannot express the rapture with which I heard this promise. Overpowered with emotions of joy and gratitude, I sunk at the feet of the keeper; pouring forth in the fulness of my heart, blessings made inarticulate by tears. Then recollecting how my suspicions had wronged him, "Pardon me," I cried, "Oh pardon me, that ever I doubted your word. I ought to have known that you were too good to deceive me."

"Hush! quiet!" said the man knitting his brow with a frown which forced the blood back chill upon the throbbing heart; and in a moment he was gone.

It was some time before I became composed enough to remember or to execute the command which I had received; but my mysterious apprehensions, my tumults of delight giving way to sober certainty, I changed my dress, and sat down to await the return of my liberator. Then while I

recollected the horrible dread from which I was delivered, the fate from which I seemed to have escaped, gratitude which could not be restrained burst into a song of thanksgiving.

It was interrupted by the return of the keeper, who, without speaking, threw open the door of my cell, and then proceeded to that of the one adjoining. I sprung from my prison, and hurried along a passage which terminated in the open air.

I presently found myself in a small square court, surrounded by high walls, and occupied by twenty or thirty squalid beings of both sexes. Concluding that I had mistaken my way, I returned to beg the directions of the keeper. "I am busy just now," said he, "so amuse yourself there for a little; the people are all quite harmless."

"Amuse myself!" thought I. "What strange perversion must have taken place in the mind which could associate such a scene and such objects with an idea of amusement!" I had no choice, however; and I returned to the court. I was instantly ac-

costed by several unfortunate beings of my own sex, all at once talking without coherence and without pause. In some alarm I was going to retreat, when a little ugly affected-looking man approached; and, with a bow which in any other place would have provoked a smile, desired that he might be allowed the honour of attending me. Little relieved by this politeness, I was again looking towards retreat, when the party was joined by a person of very different appearance from the rest. Large waves of silver hair adorned a face of green old age, and the lines of deep thought on his brow were relieved by a smile of perfect benignity; while his air, figure, and attire were so much those of a gentleman, that I instantly concluded he must be the visitor, not the inhabitant of such a dwelling.

Reproving the intrusion of the rest with an authority from which they all seemed to shrink, he politely offered to attend me; and I accepted of the escort with a feeling of perfect security.

While we walked round the court, my companion conversed as if he believed me

also to be a visitor. "I sometimes indulge a melancholy smile," said he, "on observing how well the characteristics of the sexes are preserved even here. The men, you see, are commonly silent and contemplative, the women talkative and restless. Here, just as in that larger mad-house, the world, pride makes the men surly and quarrelsome, while the ladies must be indulged in a little harmless vanity. Now and then, however, we encroach on your prerogative. The little man, for instance, who spoke to you just now, fancies that every woman is in love with him; and that he is detained here by a conspiracy of jealous husbands." He proceeded to comment upon the more remarkable cases; shewing such acquaintance with each, that I concluded him to be the medical attendant of the establishment. This belief inspired me with a very embarrassing desire to convince him of my sanity; and I endured the toil of being laboriously wise, while we moralized together on the various illusions which possessed the people around us, and on the curious analogy of their freaks to those of the more

sober madmen who are left at large. Some strutted in mock majesty, expecting that all should do them homage. Some decked themselves with rags, and then fancied themselves fair. Some made hoards of straws and pebbles, then called the worthless mass a treasure. Some sported in unmeaning mirth; while a few ingenious spirits toiled to form baubles, which the rest quickly demolished; and a few miserable beings sat apart, shrinking from companions whom they imagined only evil spirits clothed in human form. In one respect, however, all were agreed. Each scorned or pitied every form of madness but his own. "Let us then," said I, "be of those who pity; since we too have probably our points of insanity, though where they lie we may never know till we reach the land of perfection."

"Perfection!" exclaimed my companion; "Is not its dawn arisen on the earth! Are not the splendours of day at hand? That glorious light! in which man shall see that his true honour is peace, his true interest benevolence! Yes, it is advancing; and though the perverseness of the ig-

norant and the base have for a time concealed me here, soon shall the gratitude of a regenerated world, call me to rejoice in my own work!"

"Sir!" said I; startled by this speech, which was pronounced with the utmost vehemence of voice and manner.

"Yes!" proceeded he; "the labours of twenty years shall be repaid! Punishment and pain shall be banished from the world. A patriarchal reign of love shall assemble my renovated children around their father and their friend. All government shall cease. All ——"

"Silence!" cried a voice of tremendous power; and immediately the keeper stood beside us. He rudely seized the old man's arm, and the flush of animation was instantly blanched by fear. I saw the reverend form of age thus bow before brute violence, and I forgot for a moment that I was powerless to defend. "Inhuman!" I exclaimed, "will you not reverence grey hairs and misfortune!"

Without deigning me a look, the keeper led his captive away; while I followed him

with eyes in which the tears of alarm now mingled with those of pity. He presently returned, and sternly commanded me to go with him. Eager as I was for my dismission, I yet trembled while I obeyed. We reached the door of my cell; and though I expected to pass it, I involuntarily recoiled. "Go in!" said the keeper, in a voice of terrible authority.

"Here!" I exclaimed with a start of agony. "Oh Heaven! did you not say —did you not promise—"

"Aye, aye," interrupted the man, "but I must see you a little quieter first. Get in, get in."

"No no! I will not! Though I perish, I will not!"

A withering smile crossing that dark countenance, he seized me with a force which reduced me to the helplessness of infancy; and regardless of the shriek wrung from me by hopeless anguish, he bore me into the cell, shook off my imploring hold, and departed. I heard the dreary creaking of the bolt; and I heard no more. I fell down senseless.

When I revived, I found myself supported by the arm of a person who was administering restoratives to me. The first accents to which I was sensible were those of the keeper; who said, as if in answer to some question, "She has been almost as high this morning as ever."

"So, so!" returned the other. "Well! she'll do for the present, so I must be gone. Keep an eye on her, and tell me how she comes on. And harkye. Give her a better place—if they don't pay for it, I will. I am sure she is a gentlewoman."

In the hope that I might now effectually appeal to justice or to pity, I made a strong effort to rouse myself; but my compassionate attendant was gone. The keeper, however, who perhaps was severe only from a mistaken sense of duty, had been alarmed into treating me with more caution. He watched me till I was completely revived; and as soon as I could make the necessary exertion, removed me to a different part of the building.

My new place of confinement, though somewhat larger and better furnished than

the first, was equally contrived to prevent all chance of escape. But I quickly discovered that I had, by the change, gained a treasure, which, whoever would estimate, must like me be cut off from the sympathies of living being. A swallow had built her nest in my window. I saw her feed her nurslings day by day. I watched her leaving her nest, and longed for her return. Her twittering awoke me every morning; and I knew the chirp which invited her young to the food she had brought. Their first flight was an event in my life as well as in theirs; for the interests of kindred are scarcely stronger than those which we take in the single living thing, however mean, whose feelings we can make our own.

Meanwhile I learnt from the keeper that the person to whose humanity I owed the improvement in my situation, was the surgeon who attended the institution; and I looked forward to his next visit with all the eagerness of hope. Remembering, however, the dependence he had shewn on the keeper's information, I became doubly anxious to remove the impression which I

saw was entertained against the soundness of my mind. Alas! I forgot that it is not for the prejudiced eye to detect the almost imperceptible bound which separates soundness of mind from insanity.

"You assure me," said I, one day, to my inexorable jailor, "that you have no instructions to detain me here, and you promise that I shall be dismissed the moment I am well: Tell me how you propose to ascertain my recovery."

"Oh, no fear but I shall know that before you know it yourself."

"But what reason have you to doubt that I am already in perfect possession of my senses? I speak rationally enough."

"Oh aye, I can't say but you have spoken rationally enough these three or four days. They all do that, at times."

"What other proof of my recovery can you expect? Here I have no means of proving it by my actions."

"Well, well. We'll see one of these days."

"But if it be true that you have no wish to detain me, why must I linger on in this place of horror? Put me to any proof you

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

will. Propose, for instance, the most complicated question in arithmetic to me; and see whether I do not answer it like a rational creature."

"I make no doubt. We have a gentleman here these fourteen years, that works at the counting from morning to night."

"Fourteen years! Good Heavens!—Oh try me for mercy's sake in any way you please. Think of any experiment that will satisfy yourself;—let it only be made quickly."

The man promised; for he always promised. He thought it a part of his duty. It is not to be told with what horror I at last heard that "Oh yes," which always began the heart-breaking assents addressed to me as to one whom it were needless and cruel to contradict.

All my anxieties were aggravated by the dread that his promises of release were deceitful like the rest; and that even, though he had no longer doubted of my recovery, the jealousy of Mrs Boswell might have bribed him to detain me. I balanced in my mind the improbability of so daring an

outrage with the stories which I had heard of elder brothers removed, and wives concealed for ever. Where much is felt and nothing can be done, it is difficult indeed to fix the judgment.

To relieve my doubts, I inquired whether Mr Boswell knew of my confinement. The keeper could not tell. He only knew that the petition for my admission and the bond for my expences were signed by Mrs Boswell alone. This circumstance was quite sufficient to convince me that Mr Boswell was ignorant of my fate; and I thought if I could find means to make him acquainted with my situation, he would undoubtedly accomplish my release. I implored of the keeper to inform him where I was; and he promised, but with that ominous "Oh yes," which assured me the promise was void.

By degrees, however, I had learnt to bear my disappointments with composure. I must not venture to say that I was becoming reconciled to my condition; I must not even assert that I endured its continuance with resignation,—for how often did my

impatience for release virtually retract the submissions which I breathed to Heaven! But I had experienced that there are pleasures which no walls can exclude, and hopes which no disappointments can destroy; pleasures which flourish in solitude and in adversity; hopes, which fear no wreck but from the storms of passion. I had believed that religion could bring comfort to the dreariest dwelling. I now experienced that comfort. The friend whom we trust may be dear; the friend whom we have tried is inestimable. Religion, perhaps, best shews her strength when she rules the prosperous, but her full value is felt by the unfortunate alone.

Among my other requests to the keeper, I had intreated that he would allow me the use of that precious book, which has diffused more wisdom, peace, and truth, than all the works of men. He promised, as he was wont to promise; but weary of a request which was repeated every time he appeared, he at last yielded to my importunity. From that hour an inexhaustible source of enjoyment was opened to me. Devotion

had before sometimes gladdened my prison with the visits of a friend; now his written language spoke to my heart, answering every feeling. How different was this solitude from the self-inflicted desolation which I had once endured? Nay, did not the blank of all earthly interests leave me a blessed animation compared with that dread insensibility which had once left me without God in the world?

"This is to be alone! This, this is solitude!"

But while I bore my disappointments with more fortitude, I did not, it will easily be imagined, relax my endeavours after liberty. On certain days, the institution was open to the inspection of strangers. On these days I was always furnished with a change of dress, and led out to make part of the show; and my spirit was for the time so thoroughly subdued, that I submitted to this exhibition without a murmur, almost without a pang. Circumstances had so far overcome my natural temper, that I more than once appealed to the humanity

of those whom a strange curiosity led to this dreariest scene of human woe. But prejudice always confounded my story with those which most of my companions in confinement were eager to tell. I addressed it to an old man; he heard me in silence; then turning to the keeper, remarked, that it was odd that one fancy possessed us all, the desire to leave our present dwelling. "Aye," said the keeper, "that is always the burden of the song;" and they turned to listen to the ravings of some other object. I told my tale to a youth, and thought I had prevailed, for tears filled his eyes. "Good God!" cried he, instantly flying from a painful compassion, to see so lovely a creature lost to herself and to the world!"

The ladies had courage to bear a sight which might shake the strongest nerves, but not to venture upon close conference with me. They shrunk behind their guards, whispering something about the unnatural brightness of my eyes.

My only hope, therefore, rested upon the return of the humane surgeon, and upon the chance that he might find leisure to ex-

amine me himself, instead of trusting to the representation of the keeper. Yet, even there, might not prejudice operate against me? I had felt its effects, and had reason to tremble.

The day came which preceded his periodical visit to the department whither I had been removed. It was a stormy one, and heavy rain beat against my grated window. My swallows, who had tried their first flight only the day before, cowered close in their nest; or peeped from its little round opening, as if to watch the return of their mother. They had grown so accustomed to me, that the sight of me never disturbed them. In the pride of my heart I showed them to the keeper when he brought my morning repast. "Who knows," said I, "if the doctor come to-morrow, but they and I may take our departure together." As I spoke, a gust of the storm loosened the little fabric from its hold. I sprung in consternation to the window. The ruin was complete; my treasure was dashed to the ground. Let those smile who can, when I own that I uttered a cry of sorrow;

and, renouncing my unfinished meal, threw myself on my bed and wept.

"Help the girl!" exclaimed the keeper. "A woman almost as big as I am, crying for a swallow's nest. Well, as I shall answer, I thought you had got quite well almost."

Aware too late of the impression which my ill-timed weakness had given, I did my utmost, at his subsequent visits, to repair my error; but prejudice, even in its last stage of decay, is more easily revived than destroyed, and I saw that he remained at best sceptical.

The day came which was to decide my fate. No lover waiting the sentence of a cautious mistress,—no gamester pausing in dread to look at the decisive die,—no British mother trembling with the Gazette in her hand,—ever felt such anxiety as I did, at the approach of my medical judge. With as much coherence, however, as I could command, I related to him the circumstances to which I attributed my confinement. He heard me with attention, questioned, and cross-examined me. "Have

you any objection," said he, " to my making inquiries of Mr Boswell ?"

" None, certainly," said I, " if you cannot otherwise convince yourself that I ought to be set at liberty; else I should be unwilling to add to his domestic discomfort. I am persuaded that he has no part in this cruelty."

The surgeon remained with me long; talking on various subjects, and ingeniously contriving to withdraw my attention from the ordeal which I was undergoing. The keeper to justify his own sagacity, detailed with exaggeration every instance he had witnessed of my supposed eccentricity. " To this good day," said he, " she'll be crying one minute, and singing the next."

" Mr Smith," said the Doctor, shaking his head gravely, " if you shut up all the women who change their humour every minute, who will make our shirts and puddings ?"

He related the transports of my premature gratitude. " By the time you are a little older, Miss Percy," said the Doctor,

"you will guess better how far sympathy will go; and then you will not run the risk of being thought crazy, by shewing more sensibility than other people."

Other instances of my extravagance were not more successful; for the Doctor's prejudice had fortunately taken the other side. "You know Mr Smith," said he, "that I always suspected this was not a case for your management; and that if I had been in the way when admission was asked for this lady, she would never have been here." My departure was therefore authorized; and, at my earnest request, it was fixed for that day.

And who shall paint the rapture of the prisoner, who tells himself, what yet he scarcely dares believe, "This day I shall be free?"—Who shall utter the gratitude which swells the heart of him whom this day has made free? That I was to go I knew not whither,—to subsist I knew not how,—could not damp the joys of deliverance. The wide world was indeed before me; but even that of itself was happiness. The free air,—the open face of Heaven,—the un-

fettered grace of nature,—the joyous sport of animals,—the cheerful toils of man,—sounds of intelligence, and sights of bliss were there; and the wide world was to me, the native land of the exile, lovely with every delightful recollection, and populous with brethren and friends.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXV.

Oh! grief has changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, and time's deforming hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGH I resisted all idea of returning, even for an hour, to the control of Mrs Boswell, it was thought necessary, since I had been confined upon her authority and at her expence, that, before my departure, she should be informed of my recovery, and consequent dismission. After waiting impatiently the return of a message dispatched for this purpose, I learnt that Mr Boswell's house was shut up; the whole family having removed to the country. My kind friend, Dr ——, however, would not permit this to retard my departure. He undertook for Mrs Boswell's performance of her engagement; which he said, he could easily com-

pel, by threatening to expose her conduct. For my part, I had no doubt that she had fled from the fear of detection, and with the design of preventing her husband from discovering the barbarity she had practised; for I knew that it was not the love of rural life, nor even of the fashion, which could have roused Mrs Boswell to the exertion of travelling fifty miles.

So far as I was concerned, however, her precaution was unnecessary; for she had injured me too seriously to have any return of injury to fear. Nothing short of necessity could have induced me to expose her, while I saw reason to dread that self-deceit might, under the name of justice, countenance the spirit of revenge. The only reason I had to regret her departure was, that I was thus prevented from receiving the money which Mr Boswell had acknowledged to be my right. Every thing else which could be called mine had been sent with me from the house, and was now faithfully restored to me. Feeble indeed must have been the honesty to which my possessions could have furnished a tempta-

tion! The whole consisted in a few shillings, and a scanty assortment of the plainest attire. And yet the heir of the noblest domain never looked round him with such elation as I did, when I once more found myself under the open canopy of Heaven; nor did ever the "harp and the viol" delight the ear like the sound of the heavy gate which closed upon my departing steps. I paused for a moment, to ask myself, if all was not a dream; then leant my forehead against the threshold, and wept the thanksgiving I could not utter.

I was roused by an inquiry from the person who was carrying my portmanteau, "whither I chose to have it conveyed." The only residence which had occurred to me, the only place with which I seemed entitled to claim acquaintance, was my old abode at Mrs Milne's; and I desired the man to conduct me thither.

Though the gladness of my heart disposed me to good-humour with every living thing, I could not help observing that my landlady received me coolly. To my inquiry whether my former apartment was

vacant, I could scarcely obtain an intelligible reply; and when I requested that, if she could not accommodate me, she would recommend another lodging-house to me, the flame burst forth. She told me "that she had had enough of recommending people she knew nothing about. Mrs Boswell had very near turned away her sister for recommending me already." I assured the woman that I should have sincerely regretted being the occasion of any misfortune to her sister; and declared that I was utterly unconscious of having ever done discredit to her recommendation. "It might be so," the landlady said, "but she did not know; it seemed very odd that I had been sent away in a hurry from Mr Boswell's, and that I had never been heard of from that day to this. "To be sure," said she, "it was no wonder that Mrs Boswell dismissed a person who had brought so much distress and trouble into the family, and almost been the death of both Mr Boswell and little Miss."

"Mr Boswell! did he catch the infection too?"

"To be sure he did; and so I dare say would the whole house, if you had not been sent away."

I expressed my unfeigned sorrow for the mischief which I had innocently caused; for I was at this moment less disposed to resent impertinence than to sympathize in the joys and sorrows of all human kind.

My landlady's countenance at last relaxed a little; and either won by my good-humour, or prompted by her curiosity to discover my adventures during my mysterious disappearance, or by a desire to dispose of her lodgings at a season when they were not very disposable, she told me that I might, if I chose, take possession of my former accommodation. With this ungracious permission I was obliged to comply; for the day was already closing, and my scarcely recovered strength was fast yielding to fatigue.

I was aware, however, that in those lodgings it was impossible for me, with only my present funds, to remain; for humble as were my accommodations, they were far too costly for my means of payment. Mr

Boswell had indeed acknowledged himself my debtor for a sum, which, in my situation, appeared positive riches; but my prospect of receiving it was so small, or at least so distant, that I dared not include the disposal of it in any plan for the present. That I might not, however, lose it by my own neglect, I immediately wrote to remind Mr Boswell of his promise, and to acquaint him whither he might transmit the money. I had no very sanguine hopes that this letter would ever reach the person for whom it was intended; and I was more sorry than surprized, when day after day passed, and brought no answer.

In the meantime, I made every exertion to obtain a new situation. I inquired for Mrs Murray; and found that she was still in England, where she had been joined by her son. I went unwillingly to the house of her repulsive sister; and found, to my great relief, that it was, like half the houses in its neighbourhood, deserted for the season. It was in vain that I endeavoured to procure employment as a teacher. The season was against my success. The town

was literary empty; for though this is a mere figure of speech when applied to London, it becomes a matter of fact in Edinburgh. Besides I had no introduction; and I believe there is no place under Heaven where an introduction is so indispensable. Without it, scarcely the humblest employment was to be obtained. Had I asked for alms, I should probably have been bountifully supplied; but the charity which in Scotland is bestowed upon a nameless stranger, is not of that kind which "thinketh no evil."

Observing one day in the window of a toy-shop some of those ingenious trifles, in the making of which I had once been accustomed to amuse myself, I offered to supply the shop with as many of them as I could manufacture. The shopman received my proposal coolly. Had I ordered the most expensive articles of his stock, they would probably have been entrusted to me without hesitation; but even he seemed to think that pin-cushions and work-baskets must be made only by persons of unequivocal repute. At last, though he would

not entrust me with his materials, he permitted me to work with my own; promising that, if my baubles pleased him, he would purchase them. Even for this slender courtesy I was obliged to be thankful; for I had now during a week subsisted upon my miserable fund, and, in spite of the most rigid economy, it was exhausted. The price of my lodging too for that week was still undischarged; and it only remained to choose what part of my little wardrobe should be applied to the payment of this debt.

The choice was difficult; for nothing remained that could be spared without inconvenience; and when it was at length fixed, I was still doubtful how I should employ this last wreck of my possessions. I was strongly tempted to use it in the purchase of materials for the work I had undertaken; because I expected that in this way it might swell into a fund which might not only repay my landlady, but contribute to my future subsistence. But, fallen as I was, I could not condescend to hazard, without permission, what was now, in fact, the property of another;

and, humbled as I had been, my heart revolted from owing the use of my little capital to the forbearance of one from whom I could scarcely extort respect. Once more, however, stubborn nature was forced to bow; for, between humiliation and manifest injustice, there was no room for hesitation; and I summoned my landlady to my apartment. "Mrs Milne," said I, "I can this evening pay what I owe you; and I can do no more. I shall then have literally nothing."

The woman stood staring at me with a face of curious surprise; for this was the first time that I had ever spoken to her of my circumstances or situation. "If you choose to have your money," I continned, "it is yours. If you prefer letting it remain with me for a few days longer, it will procure to me the means of subsistence, and to you the continuance of a tenant for your apartment."

After inquiring into my plan with a freedom which I could ill brook, Mrs Milne told me, "that she had no wish to be severe upon any body; and therefore would,

for the present be content with half her demand." This arrangement made, nothing remained except to procure the money; and, for this purpose, I hasted to the place which I had formerly visited on a similar errand.

It was a shop little larger than a closet, dark, dirty, and confused; and yet, I believe, Edinburgh, at that time, contained none more respectable in its particular line. Some women, apparently of the lowest rank, were searching for bargains among the trash which lay upon the counter; while others seemed waiting to add to the heap. All bore the brand of vice and wretchedness. Their squalid attire, their querulous or broken voices, their haggard and bloated countenances, filled me with dread and loathing.

Having dispatched my business, I was hastening to depart, when I was arrested by a voice less ungentle than the others. It spoke in a melancholy importunate half whisper; but it spoke in the accents of my native land, and I started as if at the voice of a friend. The face of the speaker was turned away from me. Her figure, too,

was partly concealed by a cloak, tawdry with shreds of what had once been lace. An arm, on which the deathy skin clung to the bones, dragged rather than supported a languid infant. She seemed making a last effort to renew a melancholy pleading. "If it were but the smallest trifle, Sir," said she.

"I tell you woman, I cannot afford it," was the answer. "You have had more than the gown is worth already."

"God help me then," said the woman, "for I must perish;" and she turned to be gone. The light rested upon her features. Altered as they were, they could not be forgotten. "Juliet! Miss Arnold!" I exclaimed; and the long tale of credulity and ingratitude passed across my mind in an instant. I stood gazing upon her for a moment. Sickness, want, and sorrow, were written in her face. I remembered it bright with all the sportive graces of youth and gaiety. The contrast overcame me. "Juliet! dear Juliet!" I cried, and fell upon her neck.

Strong emotion long kept me silent; while

she seemed overpowered by surprise. At length she recovered utterance. "Ah, Ellen!" said she, "you are avenged on me now."

"Avenged! oh Juliet!"

It was then that I remembered the vengeance which I had imprecated upon her head; and it was she who was avenged!

When I again raised my eyes to her face, it was crossed by a faint flush; and she looked down as if with shame upon her wretched attire. "I am sadly changed since you saw me last, Miss Percy," said she.

I could not bear to own the horrible truth of her words. "Let us leave this place," said I. "Come where you may tell me what has caused this wreck."

I offered her my arm, and, with a look of surprise, she accepted it. "Sure," said she, "you must be ashamed to be seen with a person of my appearance."

"Can you imagine," said I, "that appearance is in my thoughts at such a moment as this?" and vexed and chilled by this cold attention to trifles, I silently conducted her towards my home.

It was at a considerable distance from the place of our meeting; and the strength of my companion was scarcely equal to the journey. We had not gone far before she stopped, arrested by the breathlessness of consumption. Alarmed, I held out my arms to relieve her from the burden of the infant. Then first a painful suspicion struck a sickness to my heart. I looked at her, then at the child, and feared to ask if it was her own. She seemed to interpret the look, for a blush deepened the hectic upon her cheek. "My boy is not the child of shame, Miss Percy," said she. My breast was lightened of a load—I pressed her arm to me, and again we went on.

We at length reached my lodgings; and, regardless of the suspicious looks which were cast upon us by the people of the house, I led Miss Arnold to my apartment, and shared with her the last refreshment I could command. During our repast, I could not help observing that the change in Miss Arnold's appearance had but partially extended to her manners. She was no sooner a little revived than she began to find occa-

sions of flattering me upon my improved beauty, which she hinted had become only more interesting by losing the glow of health.

"In one respect, Juliet," said I coldly, "you will find me changed. I have lost my taste for compliments." Then fearing I had spoken with severity, I added more gaily, "besides, you can talk of me at any time. Now tell me rather why I find you here so far from home, so much—tell me every thing that it will not pain you to tell."

Miss Arnold shewed no disinclination to enter on her tale. She told me that, in consequence of her intimacy with Lady St Edmunds, she had, after leaving me, *necessarily* improved her acquaintance with her Ladyship's niece, Lady Maria de Burgh. A smile of self-complacency crossed her wasted face as she told me that a very few interviews had served to dispel all Lady Maria's prejudices against her. "But to be sure," added she, "Lady Maria is such a fool, that I had no great glory in changing her opinion." I remembered with a sigh the time when this comment would

have given me pleasure; but I did not answer; and Miss Arnold went on to relate, that Lady Maria soon pressed her with such unwearied importunity to become her guest, that the invitation was absolutely not to be resisted without incivility.

Lord Glendower was at that time Lady Maria's suitor; or rather, Miss Arnold said, he talked and trifled in such a way, that her Ladyship was in anxious expectation of his becoming so. "However," continued she, "I soon saw, that, had our situations been equal, he might have preferred me to his would-be bride."

She stopped, but I waited in silence the continuation of her story. "You know, Ellen," said she, "it was not to be supposed that I would neglect so splendid a prospect. I had no obligation to Lady Maria which bound me to sacrifice my happiness."

"Happiness!" repeated I involuntarily, while I recollected my humble estimate of Lord Glendower's talents for bestowing it.

"Any thing, you know, was happiness," said Miss Arnold, "compared with the life of dependence and subjection which I must

have endured with my brother." She went on detailing innumerable circumstances which seemed to lay her under a kind of necessity to encourage Lord Glendower.

"Aye, aye, Juliet," interrupted I, "as Mr Maitland used to say, we ladies can always make up in the number of our reasons whatever they want in weight."

Miss Arnold seemed to feel some difficulty in proceeding to the next step of her narrative. "At last," said she, hesitating, "it was agreed;—I consented to—to go with Glendower to Scotland."

"To Scotland! Was not Lord Glendower his own master? Could he not marry where he pleased?"

"It was his wish," said Miss Arnold, blushing and hesitating; "and—and you know, Ellen, when a woman is attached—you know—"

"Don't appeal to my knowledge, Juliet, for I never was attached, and never shall be."

A pause followed; and it was only at my request that Miss Arnold went on with her story. "When we arrived here," said she,

"I found Glendower's intentions were not what I expected. You may judge of my despair! I knew, though I was innocent, nobody would believe my innocence;—I saw that I was as much undone as if I had been really guilty."

"On no! Juliet," cried I, "there is, indeed, only one step between imprudence and guilt; but that one is the passage from uneasiness to misery, abiding misery. But what did you resolve upon?"

"What could I do, Ellen? A little dexterity is the only means of defence which we poor women possess."

"Any means of defence was lawful," said I rashly, "where all that is valuable in this world or the next was to be defended."

"Certainly," said Miss Arnold. "Therefore, what I did cannot be blamed. I had heard something of the Scotch laws in regard to marriage; and I refused to see Glendower, unless he would at least persuade the people of the lodging-house that I was his wife. Afterwards, I contrived to make him send me a note, addressed to

Lady Glendower. The note itself was of no consequence, but it answered the purpose, and I have preserved it. I took care too to ascertain that the people about us observed him address me as his wife; and in Scotland this is as good as a thousand ceremonies. Besides, you know, Ellen, a ceremony is nothing. Whatever joins people irrevocably, is a marriage in the sight of God and man."

"Yes," answered I, provided that both parties understand themselves to be irrevocably bound."

Miss Arnold averted her eye for a moment; then looked up more steadily and went on with her story. "After this, I had no hesitation to accompany him to a shooting lodge, which he had hired, in the Highlands. We were there some months; I am sure I was heartily sick of it. In winter last we came here, and Glendower talked of going to town; but I was not able, nor indeed much inclined to go with him; he has got into such a shocking habit of drinking. So he left me here, promising to come back after I was confined;

but he had not been gone above two months, when I saw in a newspaper an account of his marriage with Lady Maria. It came upon me like a thunder-stroke. The shock brought on a premature confinement, and I was long in extreme danger. However, I dictated letters both to Glendower and Lady Maria, asserting my claims, and declaring that, if they were resisted, the law should do me justice. I wrote often before I could obtain an answer; and at last, Glendower had the effrontery to write, denying that I had any right over him. He had even the cruelty to allege, that the time of my poor little boy's birth, in part refuted my story." Juliet, who had hitherto told her tale with astonishing self-possession, now burst into tears. "As I hope for mercy, Ellen," said she, folding her infant to her breast with all the natural fondness of a mother,—"as I hope for mercy, this boy is Glendower's; and as I truly believe, is his only lawful heir. If I could see him once restored to his rights, I should ask no more."

She soon composed herself, and resumed her disastrous story. Lord Glendower, incensed by her claim, refused to remit her money. She wrote to her brother an account of her situation. He answered that he had already spent upon her education a sum sufficient, if she had acted prudently, to have made her fortune; that he was not such a fool as to spend more in publishing her disgrace in a court of law, where he was sure no judge would award her five shillings of damages;—that he sent her thirty pounds to furnish a shop of small wares, and desired he might never hear of her more. The money came in time to rescue her from a prison; but the payment of her debts left her pennyless. She had subsisted for some time by the sale of her trinkets and clothes. Lower and lower her resources had fallen; narrower and more narrow had become the circle of her comforts, till she was now completely a beggar.

She had also long struggled with ill health. "This exhausting cough," said she, "and this weakness that makes every thing a burden to me, are very disheartening,

though I know they are not dangerous." I looked at her, and shuddered. If ever consumption had set its deadly seal upon any face, her's bore the impression. "What is the matter, Ellen?" said she. "I assure you I am not so ill as I look."

"I hope not," said I, trying to smile.

Evening was now closing; and as I knew that the place which Juliet had for some days called her home, was at a considerable distance, I was about to propose sharing my apartment with her for the night; when my landlady, opening my door, desired, in a very surly tone, that I would speak with her. Half guessing the subject of our conference, I followed her out of hearing of my unfortunate companion. In terms which I must rather attempt to translate than record, she inquired what right I had to fill her house with vagrants. With some warmth I resisted the application of the phrase, telling her that the misfortunes of a gentlewoman gave no one a right to load her with suspicion or abuse. "Troth, as for gentility," said the landlady, I believe you are both much about it. I might have

my notion; but I never knew rightly what you were, till I saw the company you keep. A creature painted to the eyes!"

"Painted! The painting of death!"

"Well, well, painted or not painted, send her out of this house; for here she shall stay no longer!"

"Mrs Milne," said I, scorning the altercation in which I was engaged, "while that apartment is called mine, it shall receive or exclude whomsoever I please." I turned from her, determined to use the right which I had asserted.

"Your's indeed!" cried the enraged landlady, following me. "It shall not be called your's long then. Either pay for the week you have had it, or else leave it this moment; and don't stay here bringing disgrace upon creditable people that never bore but a good character till now."

I am ashamed to own that the insolence of this low woman overcame my frail temper. "Disgrace!" I began in the tone of strong indignation; but recollecting that I could only degrade myself by the contest, I again turned away in silence.

She now forced herself into my apartment; and, addressing Miss Arnold, commanded her to leave the house instantly. Miss Arnold cast a supplicating look upon me. " I shall never reach home alone," said she.

" There is no need for your attempting it," returned I; " for if you go, I will accompany you."

To this proposal, however, Miss Arnold appeared averse. She shewed a strong inclination to remain where she was, and even condescended to remonstrate with the insolent landlady. Had I guessed the reason of this condescension, I might have been saved one of the most horrible moments of my existence. It had no other effect than to increase the impertinence it was meant to disarm; for the " soft answer which turns away wrath" must at least seem disinterested. Disgusted with this scene of vulgar oppression and spiritless endurance, " Come, Juliet," said I, " if I cannot protect you from insolence here, I will attend you home; and since you cannot share my apartment, let me take part of your's."

Miss Arnold still lingered, however, and again made a fruitless appeal to the compassion of Mrs Milne; but finding her inexorable, she consented to depart.

I threw my purse upon the table. " Mrs Milne," said I, " after what you have obliged me to hear, I will not put it in your power to insult me by farther suspicion. There is the money I owe you."

The landlady, now somewhat softened, followed us to the door, assuring me that it was not to me she made objections. I left her without reply; and giving Juliet my arm, supported her during a long and melancholy walk.

It was almost dark; and the thoughts of passing unprotected through the streets of a great city, filled me with alarm. I breathed painfully, and scarcely dared to speak even in a whisper. Every time that my exhausted companion stopped to gather strength, I shook with the dread that we should attract observation; and when we proceeded, I shrunk from every passenger, as if from an assassin. Without molesta-

tion, however, we reached Miss Arnold's abode.

It was in the attic story of a building, of which each floor seemed inhabited by two separate families; and in this respect alone it seemed superior to the dwelling of my poor friend Cecil, who shared her habitation with a whole community. Miss Arnold knocked; and a dirty wretched-looking woman cautiously opened the door. Presenting me, Miss Arnold began, "I have brought you a lady who wishes to take ——" But the moment the woman perceived us, her eyes flashed fury; and she interrupted Miss Arnold with a torrent of invective; from which I could only learn, that my companion, being her debtor, had deceived her as to her means of payment, and that she was resolved to admit her no more. Having talked herself out of breath, she shut the door with a violence which made the house shake.

I turned to the ghastly figure of my companion, and grew sick with consternation. Half bent to the earth, she was leaning against the threshold, as if unable to sup-

port herself. "Plead for me, Ellen," said she faintly. "I can go no farther." In compliance with this piteous request, I knocked again and again; but no answer was returned.

I now addressed myself to Juliet; entreating her to exert herself, and assuring her of my persuasion, that if she could once more reach my lodgings, even the inexorable Mrs Milne would not permit her to pass the night without a shelter. But the weakness of disease had extended to the mind. Miss Arnold sunk upon the ground. "Oh, I can go no farther!" she cried; wringing her hands, and weeping like an infant. "Go—go home, and leave me, Ellen. I left you in your extremity, and now judgment has overtaken me! Go, and leave me."

It was in vain that I entreated her to have mercy on herself, and on her child; imploring that she would not, by despair, create the evil she dreaded. "Oh, I cannot go, I cannot go," said she; and she continued to repeat, weeping, the same

hopeless reply to all that I could urge to rouse her.

The expectation which I had tried to awaken in her, was but feeble in my own breast; and I at last desisted from my fruitless importunity. But what course remained for me? Even the poorest shelter I had not the means to procure. We were in a land of strangers; and many a heart open to human sympathies was closed against us. To solicit pity was to provoke suspicion, perhaps to encounter scorn. I myself might return to my inhospitable home, but what would then become of the unfortunate Juliet? While I gazed upon the dying figure before me, and weighed the horrible alternative of leaving her perhaps to perish alone, or remaining with her exposed to all from which the nature of woman most recoils, my spirits failed; and the bitter tears of anguish burst from my eyes. But there are thoughts of comfort which ever hover near the soul, like the good spirits that walk the earth unseen. There is a hope that presses for admission into the heart from which all other hope is fled.

"Juliet," said I, "let us commend ourselves to God. It is His will that we should this night have no protection but His own. Be the consequence what it may, I will not leave you."

My unhappy companion answered only by a continuance of that feeble wailing which was now more the effect of weakness than of grief; while I, turning from her, addressed myself to Heaven, with a confidence which they only know who have none other confidence.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXVI.

It is too late. The life of all *her* blood
Is touched corruptibly; and *her* poor brain,
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments which it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS startled by the approach of a heavy footstep. Trembling, I whispered to Miss Arnold an earnest entreaty that she would command herself, and not invite curiosity, perhaps insult, to our last retreat. But I asked an impossibility; poor Juliet could not restrain her sobbing. The step continued to ascend the stair. Though now hopeless of concealment, I instinctively shrunk aside. But I breathed more freely, when I perceived through the dusk that the cause of my alarm was a woman.

Crossing the landing, she knocked at the door adjacent to that which had been closed against us; then approaching my companion, she inquired into the cause of her distress. " She is a stranger, sick, and unfortunate," said I, now coming forward. " The only place where she could this night find shelter is so distant, that she is quite unable to reach it."

A youthful voice now calling from within was answered by the woman; and presently the door was opened by a girl carrying a lamp. Several joyous faces crowded to welcome a mother's return; and beyond, the light of a cheerful fire danced on the roof of a clean though humble dwelling. I turned an eye almost of envy towards the woman. The lamp threw a strong gleam upon her features; they were familiar to my recollection. She was the widow of the poor gardener who died in my presence at Greenwich.

She had turned to address some words of compassion to Miss Arnold; when the little girl pulled her by the apron, and, casting a side-long look at me, said in a half whis-

per, "Mother, *she* is like the good English lady." The widow turned towards me, and uttered an exclamation of surprise; then doubting the evidence of her senses, "No," said she, "it is not possible."

"It is but too possible, Mrs Campbell," said I; "the changes of this restless world have made me the stranger now."

"And its yoursel, Miss!" exclaimed the widow, looking at me with a glad smile. "God bless you! ye shall never be strange to me. Please just to come in, and rest you a little." Then recollecting Juliet, she added, "if ye be concerned for this poor body, just bid her come in too."

The wanderer, who, benighted in the enemy's land, has been welcomed to the abode of charity and peace, will imagine the gladness with which I accepted this invitation. I raised my dejected companion from the ground, led her to her new asylum, and fervently thanked Heaven for the joyful sense of her safety and my own.

We presently found ourselves in an apartment, which served in the double capacity of kitchen and parlour; and our hos-

tess placing a large stuffed elbow-chair close to the fire, cordially invited me to sit. She looked back towards my companion, as if doubtful whether she were entitled to similar courtesy. "Lady Glendower," said I, offering to her the place of honour. It was the first time I had called Juliet by her new name. After all my impressive lessons of humility, I fear I was not entirely disinterested in asserting the disparity between the rank of my companion and her appearance; but I fancied for the moment, that I was merely claiming respect and compassion for the unfortunate. I had, however, some difficulty in conveying the desired impression of my friend's dignity; and it was not until I had succeeded, that I inquired whether Mrs Campbell could give her the accommodation which she so much needed. The good woman seemed delighted to have an opportunity of serving me; and her little girl, who, with the awkward bashfulness common to the children of her country, had resisted all the advances of her old acquaintance, now whispered to her mother an offer to resign her

bed to the stranger. This was however unnecessary. Mrs. Campbell informed me, that since I had enabled her to return to her own connections, she had never known want, having obtained constant employment as a laundress; that her brother, a thriving tradesman, having lately become a widower, had invited her to superintend his family; and his business having for the present carried him from home, she offered Juliet the use of his apartment.

My companion thus provided with a decent shelter, I began to indulge some anxiety on my own account. It was near midnight; and I was almost a mile from home, if I could indeed be said to have a home. I had never traversed a city by night without all the protections of equipage and retinue. Now, without defence from outrage except in the neglect of the passers by, I was to steal timidly to a threshold where my admission was at best doubtful. The only alternative was to request that the widow would extend to me the kindness which she had just shewn to my friend; and this

request required an effort which I found almost impracticable.

I hesitated in my choice of evils till the hour almost decided the question; then half resolved to utter my proposal, I began to speak; but the favour which I had petitioned for another, I found it impossible to ask for myself; and I was obliged to conclude my hesitating preface by a request that Mrs Campbell would accompany me home.

Juliet no sooner saw me about to depart, than she was seized with the idea that I was going to forsake her for ever; and reduced by illness and fatigue to the weakness of infancy, she again began to weep. In vain did I promise to return in the morning. "Oh no," said she, "I cannot expect it. I cannot expect you to visit me —me, forlorn and wretched."

"These very circumstances, Juliet," said I, "would of themselves insure my return. But if you will not rely on my friendship, at least trust my word. That you have never had reason to doubt."

Miss Arnold did not venture to offend

me by expressing her suspicions of a promise so formally given; but when I offered to go, she clung to me, entreating with an earnestness which betrayed her fears, that I would not leave her to want and desolation.

Overcome by her tears, or glad perhaps of a pretext for yielding decently, I now offered to remain with her, and proposed to share her apartment. Our grateful hostess willingly consented to this arrangement; and, with an hundred apologies for the poorness of my accommodations, conducted us to our chamber. She little guessed how sumptuous it was, compared with others which I had occupied! It was to be sure of no modern date; it shook at every step; and the dark lining of wainscot gave it a gloomy appearance; but its size and furniture were handsome, compared with what I had been accustomed to find in the dwellings of labour. An excellent bed was rendered luxurious by linens which in purity and texture, might have suited a palace; and here I had soon the satisfaction of see-

ing my exhausted companion and her infant sink into profound repose.

For my part, I felt no inclination to sleep. My mind was occupied in considering the difficulties of my situation. While I had scarcely any apparent provision for my real wants, I was in a manner called to supply those of another; for Juliet was even more destitute than myself. Health, spirits, and activity still remained to me; blessings compared with which all that I had lost were as nothing; while the disease which was dragging her to the grave, had already left her neither power to struggle, nor courage to endure. To desert her was an obduracy of selfishness which never entered my contemplation. But it remained for me to consider whether I should first provide for my own indispensable wants, and bestow upon her all else that constant diligence could supply; or whether we should share in common our scanty support, and when it failed, endure together.

"Were I to supply her occasionally," thought I, "every trifling gift would be dearly paid by the recollection that she for-

sook me in my extremity. If we live together, nothing will remind her that she owes any thing to me, and in time she may forget it. And shall not I indeed be the debtor? What shall I not owe her for the occasion to testify my sense of the great, the overwhelming forgiveness which has been heaped upon me? O Author of peace and pardon! enable me joyfully to toil, and to suffer for her, that I may at last trace, in this dark soul, a dawning of thine own brightness!"

My resolution was taken, and I lost no time in carrying it into effect. Understanding that our present apartment was to be unoccupied for some weeks, I hired it upon terms almost suitable to the state of my finances. I explained to Juliet my situation and my intentions; telling her gaily, that I appointed her my task-mistress, and expected she would look well to her duty. I next proposed to go and settle the demands of my former landlady, and to remove my small possessions to my new abode. Juliet made no resistance to this proposal; though I could read suspicion in

the eye which scrutinized my face as I spoke. When I was ready to depart, she suddenly requested me to carry her little boy with me, under pretence that she herself was unable to give him exercise. I was instantly sensible of this palpable contrivance to secure my return. To feel myself suspected of treachery at the very moment when I was impatient to make every sacrifice, assailed my temper, where, alas! it has ever been most assailable. "What right have you to insult me"—I indignantly began; but when my eye rested on the faded countenance, the neglected form, the spiritless air of my once playful companion, my anger vanished. "Oh Juliet!" said I, "do not add to all your other distresses the pain of suspecting your friend. Thoughtless, selfish, you may have found me; but why should you think me treacherous?" Miss Arnold protested immutable confidence, and unbounded gratitude; but I was no longer the credulous child of self-conceit and prosperity; and pained and disgusted, I turned away. Common discretion, however, required that

I should not, by dwelling upon her unworthiness, render the task of befriending her more burdensome. I had indeed neither time nor spirits to spare for any disagreeable subject of contemplation.

After settling my accounts with Mrs Milne, I expended the miserable remainder of my money, partly on indispensable supply for the wants of that day,—partly on materials for the work by which I hoped to earn subsistence for the morrow. Of these I was obliged to be content with a very humble assortment. I remembered that, in our better days, Juliet, as well as myself, had shewn inexhaustible ingenuity in the creation of toys; and I fancied that we might again, with pleasure, share these light labours together. But no one who has not made the experiment, can imagine how deadly compulsion is to pleasure;—how wearisome the very sport becomes which must of necessity be continued the live-long day;—how inviting is every gleam of sunshine, every glimpse of the open face of Heaven, to one who dares not spare a moment to enjoy them! Oppressed

by the listlessness of disease, Juliet could scarcely make this experiment; or rather perhaps her early habits could not give way to a sense of duty, or even of necessity. Her work was taken up and relinquished an hundred times a day. The trifle which was begun one hour, was the next deserted for another, to be in its turn forsaken. But what was worse, a series of efforts defeated,—the sense of a fault which she had not courage to amend, had an unfortunate effect upon her temper; and the once playful and caressing Juliet, became discontented and peevish.

These humours indeed she seldom directly vented upon me; but her ill health, her misfortunes, her privations, the treachery of her husband, the cruelty of her brother, and the ill qualities of mankind in general, furnished her with sufficient subjects of impatience. Once indeed for a moment, her self-command forsook her so far, that she turned her displeasure on a trifling occasion against me. I kept my temper however; and she instantly recovered hers. But the cowardly fear of alienating me,

the most provoking of all her weaknesses, prompted her soon after to overwhelm me with promises which were to be performed when she should be restored to her rights and dignities. I had resolved never to wound her by one severe expression, and even now I kept my purpose, though I wept with indignation.

But in spite of my forbearance, and Juliet's caution, I was often sensible that I had involuntarily given her pain. I could see that she often mistook the most casual expressions for subtle reproach, or insinuated threat. Though I forgave, I found it impossible to convince her of my forgiveness. However suppressed, the latent impression of her mind certainly was, that I must, in some sort, avenge myself for her former desertion; nor could she always conceal the mingled sentiment of fear and anger which this impression inspired.

But no expression of impatience, nor even of suspicion, was so tormenting to me as the abject entreaties for forgiveness, which were reiterated after the most solemn assurances that they were needless. "For

Heaven's sake, Juliet," I would say to her, "let this subject be dropped for ever. I beseech you to let me forget that I have any thing to forgive you. If ever you see me fail in kindness, if ever I seem to prefer my own comfort or advantage to yours, then—then remind me that you once did me wrong, that you may rouse me by the strongest of motives to love and benefit you." But all I could say, did only, at best, impress her with momentary conviction. More frequently her efforts failed to conceal from me that she thought me more capable of inventing Christian sentiments, than of feeling them.

In the meantime, her feeble frame declined from day to day; yet, while she was thus a prey to groundless apprehensions, the melancholy security, which is so frequent a symptom of her disease, blinded her to the approach of inevitable fate. It was heart-breaking to see her spending her last breath in devising schemes of vanity or revenge; fixing, with suspicious dread, her dying eye upon a fellow worm, regardless of all that the Creator could threaten or bestow. Often did I resolve to awaken her

to her danger; but so profound seemed her security, that my courage was unequal to the task. I did not, indeed, deceive her with the language of hope, but I forbore, explicitly, to express my fears; and, with this concealment, so cowardly, so unfriendly, so cruel, I shall never cease to reproach myself.

It was perhaps for want of this very act of resolution, that I found it impossible to rouse her to any serious examination of her own mind, any alarming impressions of her condition as an accountable creature. Having once settled it that I had been converted to methodism by Miss Mortimer, she was as impenetrable to all that I could urge, as if the name she gave to the speaker could have affected the nature and importance of the truth spoken.

My desertion was the sole object of her serious fears; her hopes all centered in her little boy, or rather in the honours which she expected him to attain. She was constantly urging me to find out some lawyer, whom the love of justice, or the hope of future recompense, might induce to undertake

her cause. The ruin which her success was to bring upon one whom I had once regarded as an enemy, made me unwilling to take any part in Miss Arnold's scheme; and my extreme dislike to asking favours, rendered me particularly averse to make the application she desired. At last, weary of my delays, she herself undertook the business.

As she was no longer able to walk abroad, the earnings of two entire days were spent in conveying her to and from the chambers of an eminent lawyer; but we forgot our wants and our toils together, when she received a written opinion, that her claims were at least tenable.

The exertion she had made was death to the unfortunate Juliet. Her cough and fever increased to an alarming degree. Her sickly appetite revolted from our homely meals; and everything which I had the means to procure, was in turn rejected with loathing. That which at times she fancied might be less distasteful, was no sooner procured, sometimes with difficulty enough, than it became offensive. The most unremitting diligence, the most rigid self-de-

nial, could not provide for the caprices of the distempered palate; while habits of indulgence, uniting with the feebleness of disease, rendered even the trivial disappointments of appetite important to poor Juliet. She would fret like an infant over the want of that which I had not to give; and would repeat again and again the wish which she knew could not be gratified. I cannot boast that my temper was always proof against this chiding. Sometimes I found safety in flight,—sometimes in the remembrance of Miss Mortimer's patient suffering,—and in a heartfelt prayer, that my life and my death might want every other comfort, rather than those which had to the last supported the spirit of my friend.

To all our other difficulties, a new cause of perplexity was suddenly added. The toyman who purchased my work, one evening informed me, that he had an overstock of my baubles; and that unless I would greatly lower their price, he could for the present employ me no more. I was thunderstruck at this disaster. My earnings were already barely adequate to

our wants, therefore, to reduce my wretched gains, was to incur at once all the real miseries of poverty. After my former experience in the difficulty of procuring employment, the loss of my present one seemed the sentence of ruin; and I, who should once have felt intolerable hardship in one day of labour, could now foresee no greater misfortune than idleness.

I wandered home irresolute and disconsolate. I seemed burdened beyond my strength; and felt the listless patience which succeeds a last vain struggle. I entered my home with the heavy careless step of one who has lost hope. My companion had sunk into a slumber; and as I watched her peaceful insensibility, I almost wished that she might awaken no more.

In such dark hours our departed sins ever return to haunt us. I remembered the thoughtless profusion with which I had wasted the gifts of fortune. I remembered that, with respect to every valuable purpose, they had been bestowed upon me in vain. It was strictly just, that the trust so abused should be entirely with-

drawn ; and, forgetful of all my better prospects, I sunk into the despondence of one who feels the grasp of inflexible merciless justice. "I will struggle with my fate no more," said I. "I have deserved and will endure it patiently." Patiently! did I call it? Were my feelings those of one invited in a course of steady endeavours to hope for a blessing, but forewarned that this blessing might not wear the form of success? Did they not rather resemble the sullen resignation of him who is thwarted by a resistless adversary?

A sentiment like this could not harbour long in a mind accustomed to dwell upon the proofs of goodness unspeakable,—accustomed to commit its cares to a father's wisdom, to expect all its joys from a father's love. The hour came, the solemn hour, appointed perhaps to teach us at once our dependence and our security, when, by the very constitution of our frame, all mortal being resigns itself into the hands of the Guardian who slumbereth not—when all mortal being is forced to commit its possessions, its powers to His care, in order to receive

them renovated from His bounty again. I know not how it is with others, but I cannot help considering the helplessness of sleep, as an invitation to cast myself implicitly upon His protection; nor can I feel the healthful vivacity of the waking hour, without receiving in it a pledge of His patience and His love. The morning found me in peace and in hope, although I was as little as ever able to devise the means of my escape from penury.

One scheme at last occurred to me, which nothing but dire necessity could have suggested; and which, in spite of the bitter medicine I had received, still gave me pain enough to indicate the original disease of my mind. This scheme was, to request that our landlady would endeavour to dispose of my work among the families by whom she was employed. Though she must have guessed at my situation, it could only be partially known to her; for I had always taken care to discharge her claims with scrupulous punctuality; submitting to many a privation, rather than fail to lay aside daily the pittance necessary to answer her

weekly demand. To tell her of my wants, —to commit the story of them to her discretion,—to claim her aid in a traffic which I myself had been accustomed to consider as only a more modest kind of begging, was so revolting to my feelings, that, had my own wants alone been in question, the effort would never have been made, while they were any thing less than intolerable. But I did not *dare* to resist the wants of Juliet, for Juliet had wronged me. I could not resist them; for a series of kindnesses, begun in a sense of duty, had awakened in my heart something of its early affection towards her; and her melancholy decay of body and of mind touched all that was compassionate in my nature.

Yet I gladly recollected, that Mrs Campbell's absence would afford me some hours of reprieve; and in the evening, the sound of her return made my breath come short. Coldly and concisely I made my request, striving the while for a look of unconcern. The request was cordially granted; and the good woman proceeded to ask a hundred questions and instructions; for she had

none of that quick observation and instinctive politeness which would have made my Highland friend instantly perceive and avoid a painful subject. The only directions, however, which I was inclined to give her, were to spare my name, and to use no solicitation. Having prepared some toys, of which the workmanship constituted almost the sole value, I committed them to her charge.

The first day, she brought back my poor merchandise undiminished; and in consequence, I was obliged to let the toyman take it at little more than the price of the materials. The second, however, she was more fortunate. She sold a little painted basket for more than the sum I had expected it to bring; and conveyed to me, besides, a message from the purchaser, desiring that I would undertake to paint a set of ornaments for a chimney-piece. My satisfaction was somewhat damped by the lady's making it a condition of her employing me, that I should receive her directions in person. There was no room for hesita-

tion, however; and I was obliged to consent.

Poor Juliet was childishly delighted with our good fortune. "Now," cried she, "I may have the glass of Burgundy and water that you have been refusing me these two days." For two days she had almost entirely rejected the simple fare which I could offer, though day and night she ceased not to complain that she was pining for the support which her languid frame required; and this same glass of Burgundy and water was constantly declared to be the only endurable form of sustenance, the panacea which was instantly to cure all her ailments.

"Indeed, Juliet," said I, "we must endeavour to think of something else that you can take. All the money we have, excepting what must be paid Mrs Campbell tomorrow, would not buy the smallest quantity of Burgundy that is sold."

"I am sure Mrs Campbell would wait," returned Juliet; "She does not want the money."

"But we have no right to make her wait,

Juliet. The money is not ours but her's. Besides, you know, we find it difficult to meet even our regular expence, so that to recover from debt would, I am sure, be impossible."

"Oh, from such a small debt as that,—But I cannot expect that you should inconvenience yourself for me. I have not deserved it from you. I have no right to hope that you should care for my wants or my sufferings,—only from pity to the poor infant at my breast."

Juliet shed tears, and continued to weep and to complain, till, unable to resist, yet determined not to make a concession which I knew by experience would be as useless as ruinous, I started up and quitted her without reply. I left her for some time alone, in hopes that she would recollect the folly of her perseverance, or that her inclination might wander to something more attainable. But when I again opened the door, her hand was upon the lock. "Oh!" cried she, "I thought you would never come! Where is it?"

"Dear Juliet," said I, sickened with her

obstinacy, "you know you ask impossibilities."

She had persuaded herself that she had prevailed; and the disappointment, however trivial, was more than she could bear. She burst into violent sobs, which by degrees increased into a sort of asthmatic fit, seeming to threaten immediate dissolution. Fortunately the family were not yet in bed; and medical assistance, though of the humblest kind, was almost immediately procured. As soon as the fit was removed, the apothecary's apprentice, or as Mrs Campbell called him, "the doctor," administered to his patient an opiate, which was so effectual, that she was still in a quiet sleep when the hour came for visiting my new employer.

My reluctance to this visit was almost forgotten in the anxiety occasioned by the situation of poor Juliet. All night as I watched by her bed-side, I had half-doubted the virtue of my resistance to her wishes; and thought I would sacrifice any thing rather than again exercise such hazardous fortitude. My blood ran cold

at the thought that I had nearly been in some sort the means of hurrying her to her great account; an account for which she seemed, alas, so miserably unprepared. The danger she had just escaped increased the anxiety which I had long felt to obtain medical advice for her; and seemed to make it a moral duty that I should no longer trust to my own unskilful management, that which was so unspeakably important, and so lamentably frail. But the means of purchasing advice were beyond my reach; and the thought of procuring it in a manner more suitable to my condition, had been often dismissed as too humbling to bear consideration.

My new employment now offered hopes of obtaining the assistance so much desired. But the accomplishment of these hopes must of necessity be distant, while Juliet's situation was no longer such as to admit of delay. The only way of escaping from this perplexity was one to which I felt extreme repugnance. This was, to request that the lady for whom I was to paint the

ornaments, would advance part of the price of my work.

I know not why I was so averse to make this request. Surely I was not so silly as to be ashamed of poverty, nor weak enough to feel my self-estimation lessened by the absence of that which could never be considered as part of myself, but only of my outward situation! Besides, whatever disgrace might rest upon a petition for charity, no shame could reasonably attach to a fair demand upon the price voluntarily offered for my labour. Though in spite of these, and many other reasonable considerations, my averseness to this request remained in full force, I never exactly discovered the grounds of it; because experience had taught me, that when duty is ascertained to lie on one side, it is better to omit all consideration of what might be said on the other. Now, as it was certainly my duty, however painful, to procure assistance for poor Juliet, it would have been imprudent to pry into the reasons which might disincline me to the task.

All this, with a hundred anticipations

of success and of disappointment, passed through my mind as I proceeded towards the place of my destination. I was shewn into the presence of an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance. The consistent unaffected gravity of her dress, air, and demeanour, claimed the respect due to her age, while her benevolent countenance and gracious manner seemed to offer the indulgence which youth requires. She received me with more than courtesy; and entered into conversation with an ease which quickly made me forget what was embarrassing in my visit. I soon perceived that our favourable impressions were mutual; and was at no loss to account for this good fortune on my part, when the lady hinted that she had borrowed her sentiments from the grateful Mrs Campbell.

It was not until near the close of a long interview that she contrived, with a delicacy which spared the jealous sensibility of dependence, to give directions for the work which she expected me to do; and to make me understand that she would willingly proportion the recompense to the labour

bestowed. But the more her politeness invited me to respect myself, the more painful became the thought of sinking at once from an equal to a suppliant; and as the moment approached when the effort must be made, my spirits forsook me. I became absent and embarrassed. I hesitated; and half persuaded myself, that I had no right to tax the kindness of a stranger. Then I remembered Juliet's extreme danger, the scene which was still before my eyes, her frightful struggles for breath, the deadly exhaustion which followed; and it seemed as if my humiliation would scarcely cost me an effort. "There is a favour," I began; but when I met the inquiring eye, I hastily withdrew mine; the scorching blood rushed to my cheeks; and I stood abashed and silent.

"You were going to say something," said the lady. I stammered I know not what. She took my hand with the kind familiarity of a friend. "I wish," said she, in a voice of gentle solicitude, "that I could make you forget the shortness of our acquaintance. It is hard that you should

think of me as a stranger, while I feel as if I had known you from your cradle."

The voice of kindness has ever found instant access to my heart; yet it was not gratitude alone which filled my eyes with tears as I uttered my confused reply. "Oh you are good—I see that you are good," said I; "and I know I ought not to feel—I ought not to give way to—But not even extreme necessity could have—"

I stopped; but the lady's purse was already in her hand, "If I dared," said she, "I could chide you well; for I fear you are one of those who will scarcely accept the bounty of Providence if He administer it by any hand but his own. Try to receive this trifle as if it came directly from Himself."

I now quickly recovered my powers of speech, while I assured the lady that she had mistaken my meaning, and explained to her the favour which I had really intended to ask. Then, recollecting the justice of her reproof, "Yes, chide me as you will," said I; "I have not deserved so gentle a monitor. I deserve to be severely remind-

ed of the humility with which every gift of Heaven ought to be received by one who has so often forfeited them all."

The lady, who seemed perfectly to understand the character with which she had to do, now frankly bestowed the assistance asked, and delicately offered no more. As I was taking my leave, she inquired my address; adding, that she believed Mrs Campbell had neglected to mention my name. Again I felt my face glow; but I had seen my error, and would not persist in it. "No, Madam," said I, "a blameable weakness made me desirous to conceal my name; but you are not one of those who will think the worse of Ellen Percy because she contributes to her own support."

"Percy?" repeated the lady, as if struck with some sudden recollection. "But I think Mrs Campbell mentioned that you had no connections in Scotland."

"None, Madam; scarcely even an acquaintance."

"Then," said the lady, "it must be another person for whom my friend is inquiring so assiduously."

I would fain have asked who this friend was; but the lady did not explain herself, and I was obliged to depart without gratifying my curiosity. That curiosity, however, presently gave way to stronger interests. It was now in my power to obtain a real benefit for poor Juliet. As for the morbid inclination, which had cost her so dear, I found it fixed upon a new trifle, which was soon procured, and as soon rejected. But I could now obtain medical advice for her, and I did not delay to use the advantage; though she was herself so insensible to her danger that she was with difficulty brought to consent that a physician should be called. Recollecting the person to whom I owed my escape from the most horrible of confinements, and naturally preferring his attendance to that of a stranger, I sent to request his presence; and he immediately obeyed the summons.

I watched his countenance and manner as he interrogated his poor patient, and could easily perceive, that he judged the case hopeless; while she evidently tried to mislead him, as she had deceived herself,

retracting or qualifying the statement of every symptom which he appeared to think unfavourable. At the close of his visit, I quitted the room with him. He had written no prescription; and I inquired whether he had no directions to give. "None," said he, hastening to be gone, "except to let her do as she pleases." I offered him the customary fee. "No, no, child," said he, "it is needless to throw away both my time and your money; either of them is enough to lose."

Strong as had been my conviction of the danger, I was shocked at this unequivocal opinion. "Oh Sir!" cried I, "can nothing be done?"

"Nothing in the world, my dear," said he, carelessly; "all the physicians in Europe could not keep her alive a week."

Our melancholy dialogue was interrupted by a noise as of somebody falling to the ground. I sprung back into the passage, and found Juliet lying senseless on the floor. Some apprehension excited by Dr ——'s manner had induced her to steal from her apartment, and listen to our con-

versation. The intelligence thus obtained, she had not fortitude to bear. She recovered from her insensibility, only to give way to the most pitiable anguish. She wept aloud, and wrung her wasted hands in agony. "Oh I shall die, I shall die!" she cried; and she continued to repeat this mournful cry, as if all the energies of her mind could furnish only one frightful thought. In vain did I attempt to console her; in vain endeavour to lead towards a better world the hope which was driven from its rest below. To all sights and sounds she was already dead. At last exhausted nature could struggle with its burden no more; and the cries of despair, and the sobs of weakness, sunk by degrees into the moanings of an unquiet slumber.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXVII.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid.
— — — — — —
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care ;
And never brooch the folds confined
Above a heart more good and kind.

WALTER SCOTT.

IN the morning, when I opened my eyes, Juliet was so peacefully still, that I listened doubtfully for her breathing ; and felt myself relieved by the certainty that she was alive. I was astonished to find that she was awake, though so composed ; and was wondering at this unaccountable change, when she suddenly asked me whether Dr —— was reckoned a man of any skill in his profession ; " for," said she, " he seemed to know nothing at all of my disorder, except what he

learnt from myself; so most likely he mistakes it altogether." Shocked to see her thus obstinately cling to the broken reed, yet wanting courage to wrest it from her hold, I entreated her to consider that it would not add to the justice of Dr ——'s fears, if she should act as though they were well-founded; nor shorten her life, if she should hasten to accomplish whatever she would wish to perform ere its close. She was silent for a little; then, with a deep sigh, "You are right," said she. "Sit down, and I will dictate a letter which you shall write to my brother."

I obeyed; and she began to dictate with wonderful precision a letter, in which she detailed the opinion of her counsel; named the persons who could evidence her claims; and dexterously appealed to the ruling passion of Mr Arnold, by reminding him, that if he could establish the legitimacy of his nephew, he must, in case of Lord Glendower's death, become the natural guardian of a youth possessed of five and twenty thousand pounds a year. Who could observe without a sigh, that, while with a sort

of instinctive tact, she addressed herself to the faults of others, she remained in melancholy blindness to her own; and that the transient strength which the morning restored to her mind, could not reach her more than childish improvidence in regard to her most important concerns. But her powers were soon exhausted; before the letter was finished, her thoughts wandered, and she lay for some hours as if in a sort of waking dream.

How little do they know of a death-bed who have seen it only in the graceful pictures of fiction! How little do they guess the ghastly horrors of sudden dissolution, the humiliating weakness of slow decay! Paint them even from the life, and much remains to tell which no spectator can record, much which no language can unfold. "Oh, who that could see thee thus," thought I, as I looked upon the languid inexpressive countenance of the once playful Juliet, "who that could see thee thus, would defer to an hour, like this, the hard task of learning to die with decency?"

I was sitting by the bed-side of my com-

panion, supporting with one hand her poor deserted baby, and making with the other an awkward attempt to sketch designs for the ornaments which I had undertaken to paint, when the door was gently opened; and the lady for whom I was employed entered, followed by another, whose appearance instantly fixed my attention. Her stature was majestic; her figure of exquisite proportion. Her complexion, though brunette, was admirably transparent; and her colour, though perhaps too florid for a sentimental eye, glowed with the finest tints of health. Her black eye-brows, straight but flexible, approached close to a pair of eyes so dark and sparkling, that their colour was undistinguishable. No simile in oriental poetry could exaggerate the regularity and whiteness of her teeth; nor painter's dream of Euphrosyne exceed the arch vivacity of her smile. Perhaps a critic might have said that her figure was too large, and too angular for feminine beauty; that it was finely, but not delicately formed. Even I could have wished the cheek-bones depressed, the contour some-

what rounded, and the lines made more soft and flowing. But Charlotte Graham had none of that ostentation of beauty which provokes the gazer to criticise.

Her face, though too handsome to be a common one, struck me at first sight as one not foreign to my acquaintance. When her companion named her, I recollected my friend Cecil; and there certainly was a family likeness between these relations, although the latter was a short square-built personage, with no great pretensions to beauty. The expressions of the two countenances were more dissimilar than the features. Cecil's was grave, penetrating, and, considering her age and sex, severe; Miss Graham's was arch, frank, and animated. Yet there was in the eye of both a keen sagacity, which seemed accustomed to look beyond the words of the speaker to his motive.

The deep mourning which Miss Graham wore, accounted to me for the cast of sorrow which often crossed a face formed by nature to far different expression. Her manners had sufficient freedom to banish re-

straint, and sufficient polish to make that freedom graceful; yet for me they possessed an interesting originality. They were polite, but not fashionable; they were courtly but not artificial. They were perfectly affable, and as free from arrogance as those of a doubting lover; yet in her mien, in her gait, in every motion, in every word, Miss Graham shewed the unsubdued majesty of one who had never felt the presence of a superior; of one much accustomed to grant, but not to solicit indulgence.

Such were the impressions which I had received, almost as soon as Miss Graham's companion, with a polite apology for their intrusion, had introduced her to me by name. I was able to make the necessary compliment without any breach of sincerity; for feebler attractions would have interested me in the person with whom Cecil had already made me so well acquainted. But when Miss Graham spoke, her voice alone must have won any hearer.

"If Miss Percy excuses us," said she in tones, which, in spite of the lively imperative accents of her country, were sweetness

itself, " my conscience will be quite at rest, for I am persuaded it is with her that my business lies. No two persons could answer the description."

" You may remember," said her companion, smiling at my surprised and inquisitive look, " I yesterday mentioned a friend who was in search of a young lady of your name. We are now in hopes that her search ends in you; and this must be our apology for a great many impertinent questions."

" Oh no," said Miss Graham, " one will be sufficient. Suffer me only to ask who were your parents."

I answered the question readily and distinctly. " Then," said Miss Graham, with a smile, which at once made its passage to my heart, " I have the happiness to bring you a pleasant little surprise. My brother has been so fortunate as to recover a debt due to Mr Percy. He has transmitted it hither; and Sir William Forbes will honour your draft for L. 1500."

There are persons who will scarcely believe that I at first heard this intelli-

gence with little joy. "Alas!" thought I, looking at poor Juliet, "it has come too late." But recollecting that I was not the less indebted to the kindness of my benefactors, I turned to Miss Graham, and offered, as I could, my warm acknowledgements. Miss Graham assured me, with looks which evinced sincerity, that she was already more than repaid for the service she had rendered me; and prevented further thanks, by proceeding in her explanation.

"My brother," said she, "traced you to the house of a Miss Mortimer, and from thence to Edinburgh; but here he lost you; and being himself at a distance, he commissioned me to search for you. I received some assistance from a very grateful protegée of yours and mine, whom I dare say you recollect by the name of Cecil Graham. She directed me to the Boswells; but they pretended to know nothing of you; so I came to town a few days ago, very much at a loss how to proceed, though determined not to see Glen Eredine again till I found you."

"And is it possible," exclaimed I, "that I have indeed excited such generous interest in strangers?"

"Call me stranger, if you will," said Miss Graham, "provided you allow that the name gives me a right to a kind reception. But do you include my brother under that title? I am sure the description he has given of you shews that he is, at least, well acquainted with your appearance."

"The dimple and the black eye-lashes, tally exactly," said her companion. "And I could swear to the smile," returned Miss Graham. "Nevertheless," said I, "it is only from the praises of his admirer, Cecil, that I know Mr Kenneth Graham, to whom I presume I am so much indebted."

The playful smile, the bright hues of health, vanished from Charlotte's face; and her eyes filled with tears. "No," said she, "it is not to—" She paused, as if to utter the name had been an effort beyond her fortitude. "It is Mr Henry Graham," said her companion, as if to spare her the pain of explanation, "who has been so fortunate as to do you this service."

I know not exactly why, but my heart beat quicker at this intelligence. I had listened so often to Cecil's prophecies, and omens, and good wishes, that I believe I felt a foolish kind of consciousness at the name of this Henry Graham, and the mention of my obligation to him.

"Have you no recollection then of ever having met with Henry?" inquired Miss Graham, recovering herself.

I rubbed my forehead and did my very utmost; but was obliged to confess that it was all in vain. The rich Miss Percy had been so accustomed to crowds of attending beaux, that my eye might have been familiar with his appearance, while his name was unknown to me.

"Well," said Miss Graham, "I can vouch for the possibility of remembering you for ever after a very transient interview; and when you know Henry better, I dare say you will not forget him."

We now talked of our mutual acquaintance, Cecil; which led Miss Graham to comment upon the peculiar manners of her

countrymen, and, upon the contrast which they offered to those of the lowland Scotch. Though her conversation upon this, and other subjects, betrayed no marks of extraordinary culture, it discovered a native sagacity, a quickness and accuracy of observation, which I have seldom found surpassed. Her visit was over before I guessed that it had lasted nearly two hours; and so great were her attractions, so delightful seemed the long untasted pleasures of equal and friendly converse, that I thought less of the unexpected news which she had brought me, than of the hour which she fixed for her return.

My thoughts, indeed, no sooner turned towards my newly acquired riches, than I perceived that they could not, with any shadow of justice, be called mine; and that they in truth belonged to those who had suffered by the misfortunes of my father. I therefore resolved to forget that the money was within my reach; and to labour as I should have done, had no kind friend intended my relief. Still this did not lessen my sense of obligation; and gratitude en-

livened the curiosity which often turned my speculations towards Henry Graham. Once as I kept my solitary watch over Juliet's heavy unrefreshing slumbers, I thought I recollected hearing her, and some of our mutual acquaintance, descant upon the graces of an Adonis, who, for one night, had shone the meteor of the fashionable hemisphere, and then been seen no more. I had been present at his appearance, but too much occupied with Lord Frederick to observe the wonder. I afterwards endeavoured to make Juliet assist my recollection; but her memory no longer served even for much more important affairs; and all my efforts ended at last in retouching the pictures which I had accustomed myself to embody of this same Henry Graham. I imaged him with more than his sister's dignity of form and gesture,—with all her regularity of feature, and somewhat of her national squareness of contour;—with all the vivacity and intelligence of her countenance, strengthened into masculine spirit and sagacity;—with the eye which Cecil had described, as able to quell even the sallies of frenzy;—with the

smile which his sister could send direct to the heart. At Charlotte's next visit, I obliged her to describe her brother; and I had guessed so well, that she only improved my picture, by adding some minuter strokes to the likeness.

At the same time she removed all my scruples in regard to appropriating the sum which he had obtained for me, by assuring me, that he had undertaken the recovery of the debt only upon this express condition, that half the amount should belong to me; and that to this condition the creditors had readily consented.

The possession of this little fortune soon became a real blessing; for Juliet's increasing helplessness loaded my time with a burden which almost precluded other labour. She was emaciated to a degree which made stillness and motion alike painful to her; a restless desire of change seemed the only human feeling which the hand of death had not already palsied; and a childish sense of her dependence upon me, was the sole wreck of human affection which her decay had spared. Even the fear of death

subsided into the listless acquiescence of necessity. Yet no nobler solicitudes seemed to replace the waning interests of this life. Feeble as it was, her mind yet retained the inexplicable power to exclude thoughts of overwhelming force.

I had seen the inanity of her life; I had, alas! shared in her mad neglect of all the serious duties, of all the best hopes of man; and I did not dare to see her die in this portentous lethargy of soul. At every short revival of her strength, or transient clearness of her intellect, I spoke to her of all which I most desired to impress upon her mind. At first she answered me by tears and complainings, then by a listless silence; nor did better success attend the efforts of persons more skilled in rousing the sleeping conscience. The eloquence of friend and pastor was alike unavailing to extort one tear of genuine penitence; for the energy was wanting, without which a prophet might have smitten the rock in vain.

I must have been more or less than human, could my spirits have resisted the influence of a scene so dreary as a death-

chamber without hope; yet when I saw my companion sinking to an untimely grave, closing a life without honour in a death without consolation; when I remembered that we had begun our career of folly together,—that, from equal wanderings, I had alone been restored, from equal shipwrecks I had alone escaped,—I felt that I had reason to mingle strong gratitude for what I was, with deep humiliation for what I might have been!

It was now that I became sensible of the treasure which I had found in Charlotte Graham. Taught by experience, I had at first yielded with caution to the attraction of her manners; and often (though in her absence only I must own,) remembered with a sigh how many other qualities must conspire to fit the companion for the friend. But now, when she daily forsook admiration, and gaiety, and elegance, to share with me the cares of a sick-chamber, I daily felt the benefits of her piety, discretion, and sweetness of temper; and a friendship began, which, I trust, will outlast our lives.

Although she had too much of the po-

liteness of good feeling, to hint an expectation that I should forsake my unhappy charge, she constantly spoke of my visiting Castle Eredine, as of a pleasure which she could not bear to leave in uncertainty; and she detailed plans for our employments, for our studies, for our excursions among her native hills, with a minuteness which shewed how much the subject occupied her mind. All her plans bore a constant reference to Glen Eredine. They were incapable of completion elsewhere. My lessons on the harp were to be given under the rock of echoes,—in a certain cave she was to teach me the songs of Selma,—we were to climb Benarde together,—from Dorch'thalla we were to sketch the lake beyond, with all its mountain shadows on its breast; while the rocks, which a nameless torrent had severed from the cliff, and the roots which, with emblematic constancy, had still clung to them in their fall, were to furnish fore-grounds unequalled in the tameness of Lowland scenery.

To all the objects round her native vale, Charlotte's imagination seemed to lend a

kind of vitality. She loved them as I should have loved an animated being; and the more characteristic, or, as I should then have expressed it, the more savage they were, the stronger seemed their hold on her affection. I like a little innocent prejudice, so long as it does not thwart my own. I verily believe, that Charlotte would have thought Glen Eredine insulted by a comparison to the vale of Tempe. She often spoke with enthusiastic respect of her father, whom she had left at Castle Eredine; and with so much solicitude of the blank which her absence would occasion to him, that I could not help wondering why she delayed her return. She never mentioned any business that might detain her; and amusement could not be her bribe, for her time was chiefly spent in my melancholy dwelling.

Our cheerless task, however, at length was closed. By a change scarcely perceptible to us, Juliet passed from the lethargy of exhausted life, to deeper and more solemn repose. I felt the intermitting pulse,—I watched the failing breath; yet so gradual

and so complete was her decay, that I knew not the moment of her departure. All suffering she was spared; for suffering would, to human apprehension, have been useless to her. I did not commit her remains to the cares of a stranger. The hand of a friend composed her for her last repose; the tears of a friend dropped upon her clay; but they were not the tears of sorrow. Poor Juliet! Less ingenuity than that which led thee through a degraded life to an unlamented grave, would have procured for thee the best which this world has to give, an unmolested passage to a better.

Two days after her death, I received from her brother a promise of protection to the heir of Lord Glendower, and permission, in case of that event, to send the boy to his uncle, together with the pledges of legitimacy, which constituted his sole hold upon the justice or compassion of Mr Arnold. Fortunately for the poor infant, the question upon which depended the tender cares of his uncle was decided in his favour. Juliet's marriage was sanctioned; and though her death left Lord Glendower at liberty

to repair, in some sort, the injury which he had done to Lady Maria, the rights of his first-born son could not be transferred to the children of his more regular marriage.

When my cares were no longer necessary to my ill-fated companion, I yielded to the kind persuasions of Miss Graham; and suffered her to introduce me to whatever was most worthy of observation in a city which I had as yet so imperfectly seen. Our mornings were generally spent in examining the town or its environs; our evenings, in a kind of society which I had till now known only in detached specimens; a society in which there was everything to delight, though nothing to astonish,—much good manners, and therefore little singularity,—general information, and therefore little pedantry,—much good taste, and therefore little notoriety. I could no longer complain that the ladies were inaccessible. Introduced by Miss Graham, I was everywhere received with more than courtesy; and I, who a few weeks before could scarcely obtain permission to earn a humble subsistence, was now overwhelmed with a hos-

pitality which scarcely left me the command of an hour.

And now I was again assailed by the temptation which had formerly triumphed unresisted. There is no place on earth where beauty is more surely made dangerous to its possessor; and Charlotte and I could scarcely have attracted more attention, had we appeared mounted upon elephants. But I had lost my taste for admiration. I disliked the constant watchfulness which it imposed upon me; and its pleasures poorly compensated the pain of upbraiding myself the next moment with my folly in being so pleased. As to open compliment, it cost me an effort to answer it with good humour. "The man suspects that I am vain," thought I, as often as I was so addressed; and the suspicion was too near truth to be forgiven. The only real satisfaction, which I derived from the preposterous homage paid to me, arose from the new light in which it displayed the generous nature of Charlotte Graham. Yes; trifles serve to display a great mind; and there was true generosity in the graceful

willingness with which Charlotte, at a time of life when the precariousness of attentions begins to give them value, withdrew from competition with a rival inferior to her in every charm which is not affected by seven years difference of age.

Upon the whole, nothing could be more agreeably amusing, than my residence in Edinburgh; and the contrast of my late confinement heightened pleasure to delight. From the time of Lady Glendower's death, it had been settled that I was to accompany Charlotte to Glen Eredine; but I must own, that I felt no inclination to hasten our departure. Without once uttering a word, which could place the delay to my account, Miss Graham deferred our departure from day to day. Yet some involuntary look or expression constantly betrayed to me, that her heart was in Glen Eredine.

"Ah that very sun is setting behind Benarde!" said she with a sigh; one evening when, from a promenade such as no other city can present, we were contemplating a gorgeous sunset.

"One would imagine by that sigh, Char-

lotte," said I smiling, "that you and some dear friend not far from Benarde had made an appointment to watch the setting sun together."

"There's a flight!" cried she laughing. "Now am I sure, that such a fancy would never have entered your mind, if you had not been in love. Come; look me in the face, and let me catechize you."

"Not guilty, upon my honour."

"Humph! This does look very like a face of innocence, I confess. But stay till you know Henry. Let me see how you will stand examination then."

"Just as I do now, I promise you. I ought to have been in love long ago, if the thing had been possible."

"Ought? Pray what might impose the duty upon you?"

"The regard of one of the best and wisest of mankind, Charlotte. It was once my fate to draw the attention of your countryman,—the generous, the eloquent Mr Maitland."

I saw Miss Graham start; but she remained silent. "You must have heard of

him?" continued I; but at that moment, casting my eyes upon Charlotte, I saw her blush painfully. "You know him then," said I.

"Yes, I—I do," answered she hesitatingly; and walked on, in a profound reverie.

A long silence followed; for Charlotte's blushes and abstraction had told me a tale in which I could not be uninterested. I perceived that her acquaintance with Maitland, however slight, had been sufficient to fix her affections on a spirit so congenial to her own. "Well, well," thought I, "they will meet one day or other; and he will find out that she likes him, and the discovery will cost him trouble enough to make it worth something. She will devote herself willingly to love and solitude, which is just what he wishes, and I dare say they will be very happy.—Men can be happy with any body. And yet Maitland hates beauties; and Miss Graham certainly is a beauty." However, when I threw a glance upon Charlotte, I thought I had never seen her look so little handsome; for it must be

confessed, that the lover must be more than indifferent, whom his old mistress can willingly resign to a new one.

I soon, however, began to reproach myself with the uneasiness to which I was subjecting the generous friend to whom I owed such varied forms of kindness. But the difficulty was, how I should return to the subject which we had quitted; for, in spite of the frankness of Charlotte's manners, my freedom with her had limits which were impassable. When she had once indicated the point upon which she would not be touched, I dared not even to approach it. The silence, therefore, continued till she interrupted it, by saying, "You are offended with me, Ellen! and you have reason to be so; for I put a question which no friend has a right to ask."

"Dear Charlotte," returned I, "surely you have a right to expect from me any confidence that you will accept; and I shall most readily —"

"No," interrupted Miss Graham, "such questions as mine ought neither to be asked nor answered. If an attachment is

fortunate, it is to be supposed that the event will soon publish it; if not, the confession is a degradation to which no human being has a right to subject another."

"Well," thought I, "this is very intelligible, and I shall take care not to trespass. But I will not keep thy generous heart in pain. Cost what it will, thou shalt know that thou hast nothing to fear from me." It was more easy to resolve than to execute; and I felt my cheek glow with blushes, more, I fear, of pride, than modesty, while I struggled to relieve the anxiety of my friend. "Nay Charlotte," said I, "you must listen to a confession, which is humbling enough, though not exactly of the kind you allude to. I must do Mr Maitland the justice to say, that he never put it in my power to reject him. He saw that I was no fit wife for him; and, at the very moment of confessing his weakness, he renounced it for ever. Do not look incredulous. It is not a pretty face, nor even the noble fortune I then expected, that could bribe Maitland to marry a heartless unprincipled ——. Thanks be to Heaven that

I am changed—greatly changed. But I assure you Charlotte, I have not now the slightest reason to believe myself any bar to your—to Mr Maitland's happiness with some—some—with somebody who has not my unlucky incapacity for being in love."

To this confession, Miss Graham answered only by affectionately pressing my hand; and then escaped the subject, by turning from me to speak to a passing aquaintance. From that time Charlotte, though in other points perfectly confiding, spoke no more of Maitland; and I must own, that my respect for her was increased by her reserve upon a topic prohibited alike by delicacy and descretion. We had indeed no need of boarding-school confidences to enliven our intercourse. Each eager for improvement and for information, we had been so differently educated, that each had much to communicate and to learn. Our views of common subjects were different enough to keep conversation from stagnating; while our accordance upon more important points formed a lasting bond of union. Whoever understands the delights

of a kitten and a cork, may imagine that I was at times no bad companion: and Charlotte was peculiarly fitted for a friend; for she had sound principles, unconquerable sweetness of temper, sleepless discretion, and a politeness which followed her into the homeliest scenes of domestic privacy.

How often, as her character unfolded itself, did I wonder what strange fatality had forbidden Maitland to return the affection of a woman so formed to satisfy his fastidious judgment. But I was forced to wonder in silence. Charlotte, open as day on every other theme, was here as impenetrable, as unapproachable, as virgin dignity could make her. Notwithstanding the recency of our friendship, it was already strong enough to render every other interest mutual; and Charlotte easily drew from me the little story of my life and sentiments, while I listened with insatiable curiosity, to the accounts she gave me of her home, of her family, and above all, of her brother Henry.

This was a theme in which she seemed very willing to indulge me. She spoke

of him frequently; and the passages which she read to me from his letters, often made me remember with a sigh that I had no brother. He seemed to address her as a friend, as an equal; and yet with the tenderness which difference of sex imposes upon a man of right feeling. She was his almoner. Through her he transmitted many a humble comfort to his native valley; and though he had been so many years an alien, he was astonishingly minute and skilful in the direction of his benevolence. He appeared to be acquainted with the character and situation of an incredible number of his clansmen; and the interest and authority with which he wrote of them seemed little less than patriarchal. Though I must own that his commands were not always consonant to English ideas of liberty, they seemed uniformly dictated by the spirit of disinterested justice and humanity; and Graham, in exercising almost the control of an absolute prince, was guided by the feelings of a father.

Though Glen Eredine seemed the passion of his soul,—though every letter was

full of the concerns of his clansmen, there was nothing theatrical in his plans for their interest or improvement. They were minute and practicable, rather than magnificent. No whole communities were to be hurried into civilization, nor districts depopulated by way of improvement; but some encouragement was to be given to the schoolmaster; Bibles were to be distributed to his best scholars; or Henry would account to his father for the rent of a tenant, who, with his own hands, had reclaimed a field from rock and broom; or, at his expence, the new cottages were to be plastered, and furnished with doors and sashed windows. The execution of these humble plans, was, for the present, committed to Charlotte; and the details which she gave me concerning them, described a mode of life so oddly compounded of refinement and simplicity, that curiosity somewhat balanced my regret in leaving Edinburgh.

On a fine morning in September we began our journey; and though I was accompanied by all on earth I had to love,

and though I was leaving what had been to me the scene of severe suffering, I could not help looking back with watery eyes upon a place which perhaps no traveller, uncertain of return, ever quitted without a sigh.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——— Every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

GOLDSMITH.

DURING our first day's journey, the road lay through a country so rich and so level, that but for the deep indenting of the horizon, I could have fancied myself in England. "That would be thought a fine park even in my country," said I, as we were passing a princely place. "Ah, stay till you see the parks of Eredine!" said Charlotte.* It is not to be told what superb con-

* See Note G, at the end of the Volume.

ceptions I formed of these same parks of Eredine; for my companion did not enter on the description. I thought Blenheim was to be a paddock compared with them!

Towards evening, the mountains which had once seemed as soft in the distance as the clouds which rested on them, began to be marked by the grey lights on the rock, and the deep shadows of the ravine. The morning brought a complete change of scene. Corn fields and massive foliage had given place to dull heath, varied only by streaks of verdure, which betrayed a sheep-track or the path of a nameless rill; while here and there, a solitary birch "shivered in silvery brightness." The hill, climbed long and painfully, rewarded us with no change of prospect; and the short descent was immediately succeeded by a more tedious climb.

At last, in a narrow valley, which by contrast looked rich and inviting, we beheld traces of human habitation; and the change of garb, of countenance, and of accommodation, announced that we were now, as Charlotte said, in her "uncon-

quered country." "The Roman," said she, when he had bowed 'the sons of little men' to the dust, was forced to shrink behind his ramparts from the valour of *our* fathers."

I own that I was somewhat confused between my own perceptions and the enthusiasm of my companion. Her eyes flashing through tears of joy, she shook me triumphantly by the hand. "You are welcome to the Highlands!" cried she; "to the land where never friend found a traitor, nor enemy a coward!"

In spite of this burst of *amor patriæ*, we were still almost a day's journey from Charlotte's native place. The mountains had become more precipitous, and the valleys more clothed, when my companion pointed out the spot where we were to dine; and intimated, that we must there exchange our carriage for a mode of conveyance better suited to the way which lay before us.

The exterior of our inn was certainly none of the most inviting. The walls, composed of turf and loose stones, were too low to prevent me from plucking the hare-bells which grew on the top of them; and the

thatch, varied with every hue of moss and lichen, was more to be admired for picturesque effect, than for any more useful quality of a roof. The chimney-crag seemed composed of the wreck of what had once been a tub; the hoops of which, having yielded to the influence of time and the seasons, were rather imperfectly supplied by bands of twisted heath. The hut was, however, distinguished from its fellow hovels, by a sashed window on one side of the door, a most incondite picture of a bottle and glass on the other, and a stone lintel, bearing, in characters of no modern shape, the following inscription:

16 .. W.M.T. Pilgrims we be ilk ane, M. M. B. .. 07
That passen and are gane;
Then here sall pilgrim be
Welcom'd wi' courtesie.

Before we could draw up to the door of this superb hotel,* it poured forth a swarm of children, more numerous than I could have thought it possible for such a place to

* See Note H, at the end of the Volume.

contain. I was prepared to expect the savage nakedness of legs and feet, which was universal among these little barbarians. For the rest, their attire was rather ludicrous than mean. The boys, even though still in their infancy, were helmed in the martial bonnet of their countrymen; and their short tartan petticoats were appended to a certain scarlet or blue *juste au corps,* laced up the back, as if to prevent these children of nature from asserting a primeval contempt of clothing. With the girls, however, this point seemed entrusted to feminine sense of propriety; for their upper garment consisted either of a loose jacket, or a square piece of woollen cloth thrown round the shoulders, and fastened under the chin only by a huge brass pin, or a wooden skewer. The absurdity of their appearance was heightened by the premature gravity of their countenances; which were more like the grim-visaged babes in an old family picture, than the animation of youthful life. In profound silence, they stood courtseying as we passed; while the

boys remained cap in hand till we entered the hut.

It consisted of two apartments; one of which I dimly discerned through the smoke to be occupied by a group of peasants, collected round some embers which lay in the middle of the floor. Into the other, which was the state-chamber, Miss Graham and I made our way. It appeared to have been hastily cleared for our reception; for the earthen floor, as well as an oaken table, which stood in the middle of it, was covered with *debris* of cheese, oat-cakes, and raw onions, intermixed with slops of whisky. The good woman, however, who was doing the honours, rectified the disorder seemingly to her own satisfaction, by taking up the corner of her apron, and sweeping the rubbish from the table to the floor. Meanwhile she entered into a conversation with Miss Graham, in which every possible question was directly or indirectly asked, except the only one which on such occasions I was accustomed to hear, namely, what we chose to have for dinner. But as it proved, this question would have been

the most unnecessary of all; for, upon inquiry, we learnt that our choice was limited to a fowl, or, as the landlady termed it, "a hen."

While this point was settling, the head waiter and chambermaid appeared in the person of a square built wench, naked up to the middle of a scarlet leg, and without any head-dress except a bandeau of blue worsted tape. Having tossed a lapfull of brushwood into the chimney (for the state-chamber had a chimney), she next brought, upon a piece of slate, some embers which she added to the heap; then squatting herself upon the hearth, she took hold of her petticoat with both hands at the hem, tightening it by her elbows; and, moving her arms quickly up and down, she soon fanned the fire into a blaze.

Next came our landlord in the full garb of his country; and great was my astonishment to see him hold out his hand to Miss Graham as to a familiar acquaintance. Nor was my surprise at all lessened, when he coolly took his seat between us, and began to favour us with his opinions upon Conti-

nental politics. Provoked, by this impertinence, and by the courtesy with which Miss Graham received it, I interrupted his remarks, by desiring he would get me a glass of water. Without moving from his position, he communicated my demand to the maid; and went on with his conversation. I took the first opportunity of reproving Charlotte's tame endurance of all this. "What would you have had me do?" said she, "He is a discreet sensible man, and a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" repeated I.

"Yes," returned Charlotte, "I assure you he is my father's third cousin; and can count kindred, besides, with the best in Perthshire."

It was plain that Miss Graham and I affixed somewhat different ideas to the word "gentleman;" however, upon the claims of his ancestors, I was obliged to admit this *gentleman* to our dinner-table; when, after a violent commotion among the poultry had announced mortal preparation for our repast, it at last appeared. Our unhappy "hen," whose dying limbs no ci-

vilized hand had composed, was reinforced by a dish of salmon (large enough to satisfy ten dragoons), which Miss Graham, with some difficulty, persuaded the landlady that the stranger might condescend to taste.

Towards the close of our meal, our attendant pushed aside the pannel of a large wooden bed, which occupied one side of our apartment; and, from a shelf within, produced a large cheese, and an earthen pitcher full of butter, which she placed upon the table. Then, from the coverlet, where they had been arranged to cool, she brought us a large supply of oat-cakes. I fear I was not polite enough to suppress some natural signs of loathing; for the girl, with the quick observation of her countrymen, instantly apologized for the cause of my disgust. "It is just for sake of keeping them clean, with your leave;" said she, "there's so many soot-drops fall through this house." In spite of this apology, however, I was so thoroughly disgusted, that I heard with great joy the trampling of our horses at the door; and immediately ran out to survey the cavalcade which had

been dispatched from Castle Eredine for our accommodation.

It consisted of three horses of very diminutive size; two of which were intended to carry Miss Graham and myself, and the third to transport our baggage. This last was caparisoned somewhat like a gipsey's ass, with two panniers slung across his back by means of a rope that seemed composed of his own hair. Into one of these panniers the *gille trushannich* * pushed Miss Graham's portmanteau; and, finding that mine was too light to balance it on the other side, he added a few turfs to make up the difference. Besides this domestic, we were each provided with a sort of running-footman † whose office it was to keep pace with our horses and to lead them at any difficult or dangerous step; and our equipage was completed by six or seven sturdy Highlanders, who, in mere courtesy to their chieftain's daughter, had walked fifteen or twenty miles to escort her home.

* A Packer.

† Gille Cumsrian.

Thus guarded, we set out; our attendants, seemingly without effort, keeping pace with the horses. With all of them Miss Graham occasionally conversed in their native tongue; and I could perceive that they answered her with perfect readiness and self-possession; but none of them ever accosted her until he was addressed, nor could she prevail with any of them to wear his bonnet while she spoke.

Henry's name was so often repeated by them all, that I felt no small curiosity to learn more minutely the subject of their conversation. But though I had resumed my Gaelic studies under Charlotte's tuition, I was not yet sufficiently initiated to follow the utterance of a native; and my friend had already begun to smile so slily at my questions concerning her brother, that the very circumstance which awakened my curiosity made me half afraid to gratify it. At last, looking as unconscious as I could, I asked Charlotte on what subject her servant was speaking with such ardour. "My *friend* Kenneth," answered she emphatically, "is reminding me of an expedition of Henry's

to extricate his nurse's sheep from the snow. But talk to him yourself; he speaks English. Kenneth, poor Miss Percy cannot speak Gaelic; so tell her that story in English. I know you like to speak a good word for your friend Henry." "If he were here," said Kenneth, making a gesture of courtesy, which did not absolutely amount to a bow, "he would need nobody to speak a good word for him to a pretty lady." He then related very minutely how Henry and he had climbed the rocky side of Benarde; and, from a crag midway in the precipice, had rescued the whole wealth of a Highland cottager.

"And do you in the Highlands think nothing of risking your lives for a few sheep?" said I.

"Do you not think, lady," said Kenneth, "that I had a good right to risk my life for my own mother's beasts? And you know the young gentleman was not to be forbidden by the like of me. His life! I would not have ventured a hair of his head for all the sheep in Argyll." Then speaking to my special attendant, he uttered, with great emphasis,

a Gaelic phrase, which I obliged him to translate, signifying, that "a man's friend may be dear, but his foster-brother is a piece of his heart."

"My mother," continued Kenneth, "would have lost the *best-beloved lamb of her fold*, if Mr Henry had not followed me that day; for the frost had seized me; and I would have laid me down to sleep for a far-off waking; but Mr Henry drew me, and carried me, and I do not know what he made of me, but the first sound I heard was my mother crying, 'och chone a rie, mo cuillean ghaolach.' Blessings on his face for her sake! for had it not been for him, she would have had none but a fremd hand to lay the sod on her." Kenneth had obeyed his lady's command; and he now modestly fell back, as if disclaiming further right to attention.

"Surely Charlotte," cried I, "you are the happiest sister in the world. How deep, how indelible, are the attachments which your brother seems to awaken! Though he has been so long a stranger among them, these people are absolutely

enthusiastic in his praise. It is strange! I never saw any thing like affection in servants, except in a novel."

Charlotte looked at me with an aspect of amazement; but she was too polite either to charge me with the true cause of my ill-fortune, or to acquit me at the expence of my countrymen. "Henry will not let his friends here forget him," said she; "for, however engaged, he never forgets them. He sends them advice, encouragement, reproof, and whatever else they most need. Poor Henry! I remember a letter which he wrote to acquaint me with one of the severest disappointments of his life—a letter written in the midst of toil and bustle. It contained an order for comfortable bedding for his bed-rid nurse."

"But how could your brother,—how could your parents allow a mere prejudice to banish him from such strong attachments? Surely he could have felt no self-reproach for giving evidence against a common thief, a miscreant who attempted his life!"

"I don't know," said Charlotte, doubting-

ORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

ly, "Neil Roy was a well-born gentleman; and in many respects a very honest man. Besides, where the punishment is so unjustly disproportioned to the offence, it is not very pleasant to be concerned in inflicting it. However, it was not that affair alone which first drove my brother from home. Cecil was partly right, and partly wrong, in the account she gave you. My mother, you know, was a stranger; and though she was one of the best and most respectable of women, yet it was natural that she should retain some of the prejudices of her country. My father intended settling Henry in a farm, or educating him for the church: but my mother, I believe, would have thought either little less than burying him alive. However, she must have submitted to necessity if the affair of Neil Roy had not assisted her in persuading my father to send Henry away. Her health, too, was so fast declining, that my father could refuse her nothing. So poor Henry was made a peace-offering to my mother's relations, who would never have any connection with her after her marriage with a Highland re-

bel—as they were pleased, to call the best born and the most loyal in the land! Oh, Ellen! it sometimes goes to my heart to think he should owe so much as a shoe-latchet to those who dared to look down upon his father. But whatever may happen, Henry can never regret having obeyed a parent."

This little narrative was given with as much freedom as if Charlotte and I had been alone; for our attendants no sooner observed us inclined to talk apart, than they retreated to such a distance as left us at perfect liberty. At last, however, they advanced, and the two *gillen comsrian* took our horses by the bridles, while the rest began to clear away the loose stones from the tract which was leading us round the brow of an abrupt mountain. My eyes were involuntarily fixed upon a dell which had no interest except what it gained from the certainty that a single false step would bring me a hundred fathoms nearer to it. The golden clouds that linger after sunset, were still throwing strong light upon our path, while the dell lay in deep shade. I was so

new to Highland travelling, that, in some alarm, I was consulting my attendant upon the expediency of dismounting, when my attention was diverted by Charlotte. " Benarde !" cried she, with such a voice as, had my mother been on earth, I could have cried " my mother !" I looked up; and saw between me and the glowing west, only a naked crag, towering above the vapour which was floating in the vale.

Presently our path wound round the brow of the mountain which we were descending; and, gorgeous in all the tints of autumn, harmonized by the sober shades of evening, Eredine burst on our sight. Charlotte uttered not a sound. She uncovered her head as if she had entered a temple; and raised her eyes as if in thanksgiving which words could not speak.

I myself was little more inclined to break the silence imposed by the scene. Far below our feet lay a lake, motionless, as if never breeze had ruffled its calm. All there was still as the yet unpeopled earth, except the gliding shadow of a solitary eagle sailing down the vale. A faint flush still ting-

ed the silver towards the east; to the west, the huge Benarde threw upon the waters his own sober majesty of hue. But where the shade would have been the deepest, it was softened by the long lines of grey light that imaged the walls of Castle Eredine. Beyond, in a sheltered valley, the evening smokes floating among the copse-wood alone betrayed the hamlets, concealed by their own unobtrusive chastity of colouring.

We continued to descend; and the woods gradually closed the scene from our view. First, the birch drooped here and there its light sprays from the crag; then gigantic roots of oak, grappling with the rock, sent forth their dwarf stems in unprofitable abundance; lower, the vigorous beech and massy plane threw their strong shadows, and, by degrees, arranged themselves into a noble avenue. Yet this approach did not peculiarly belong to Castle Eredine; it led equally to many a more humble abode. Several of these were scattered by the way-side; and each, as we passed, poured forth a swarm to welcome Charlotte's

return. Every eye shone with pleasure; yet all was calm and silence. No shouting, no tumult; none of the sounds, which, in my native country, announce vulgar gladness, disturbed the quiet of the scene. The very children hung down their smiling sun-burnt faces, and waited with side-long looks for the expected notice.

Issuing from the wood, the path, now become a well-beaten road, led us through a few small half-inclosed fields of corn and pasture, to a sort of natural bridge, or rather isthmus; the only access to the rock upon which Castle Eredine projected into the lake. I must own, that its lofty title, and Cecil's romantic tales of its ancient possessors, had ill-prepared me for the edifice which I now beheld. A square tower, with its narrow arched door-way, was the only trace which remained of warlike array; and a range of more modern building, with its steep roof, into which the walls rose in awkward triangles, and its clumsy windows, through which cross lights streamed from behind, gave me no exalted idea of the accommodations of Castle Eredine. It seem-

ed, however, that others found no want of space within its walls; for at least thirty persons, of different ranks and ages, came forth to receive us.

The foremost of these must have attracted my attention and respect, even though Charlotte's gesture and joyful exclamation had not announced her father. Age had not impaired the firmness of his step, nor the erect majesty of a figure Herculean in all its proportions. His eye retained its fire; his cheek its ruddy brown; the snowy locks which waved from beneath his bonnet, alone betokened that he had already passed the common age of man. The plumes by which these locks were shaded, chiefly distinguished his attire; for the rest of his dress was entirely composed of the scarlet and blue tartan of his clan. Saluting me first on one cheek, and then on the other, he welcomed me to Eredine, with little more ceremony, and little less kindness than he received his own Charlotte; then giving an arm to each, he led us into the sitting-room.

It was a large apartment, pannelled all

round. Each pannel seemed to open into either a cupboard or a closet,—the walls being thick enough to admit of either; while each side was little enlivened by a row of windows, sunk in recesses, every one of which might have contained a dozen persons. But the gloom of this apartment was completely dispelled by the blazing of a wood fire, proportioned in size to what more resembled an alcove than a chimney, and by the cordial looks and kind attentions which every one seemed disposed to exchange.

So little restraint did my presence occasion,—so easily and naturally did Eredine, Charlotte, and even the servants, admit me to the interchange of cordial courtesy, which seemed the established habit of the family, that, before our substantial supper was ended, I had almost forgotten that I was a stranger. Indeed, so well did they all understand and practise the delicacies of hospitality, that, in less than a week, I was as much at home as if I had been born in Glen Eredine.

In the spirit with which she constantly

sought to impress me with feelings of equality and sisterhood, Charlotte offered to share her apartment with me, on pretence of its being the most modern in the Castle.

"Since I have dragged you to the land of ghosts," said she, "I am bound in honour to protect you as well as I can; and Henry has so modernized my room, that no true Highland ghost would condescend to shew his face in it.

This room was indeed furnished very differently from the rest, yet still so that nothing incongruous struck the eye. Many of the elegant conveniences of modern life found a place there; book-shelves, drawing-cases, cabinets, all that can be imagined necessary to the light employments of a gentlewoman, were supplied in abundance; but all were of such substantial form and mate rials, that they seemed no intruders among the more venerable heir-looms of Castle Eredine. A closet, opening from our bedchamber, and stored with a small but select collection of books, was appropriated solely to me.

When we had retired for the night,

Charlotte, after a thoughtful silence, laid her arm on my shoulder, and said, "Ellen, there is a caution I would give you; I should rather say a favour which I am going to ask—."

"A favour, dearest Charlotte! I thought it had been decreed that all the favours were to come from one side! Well? How can you hesitate so?"

"There is a gentleman whom you once mentioned to me, a—a mutual acquaintance—."

Charlotte's complexion explained her meaning. "Mr Maitland?" said I.

"Oblige me so far, my dear Ellen, as never to mention his name to my father."

"Certainly, since you desire it, I promise you that I never will. I am persuaded that the reasons must be strong and well weighed which induce you to use caution with a parent."

Yes, they are strong," said Charlotte, thoughtfully; "and one day perhaps you may be satisfied that they are so. It grieves me, my dear Ellen, to have even the appearance of a secret with you, but I

am satisfied that I am acting as I ought—that the happiness of—of my life—that even your happiness—"

"Stop, dear Charlotte!" interrupted I,—"believe me I have no wish to listen to any subject which can give you pain. Continue to do what you think right. Only let me once more assure you, that I have no interest whatever in Mr Maitland, except as in the best of men,—the most disinterested of friends,—a friend whose kindness withstood all my unworthiness. Oh Charlotte, if Mr Graham knew him as I do, he would let no prejudice of birth, or of country, deprive his daughter of the happines,—the honour—"

I was obliged to stop; for I had talked myself into a fit of enthusiasm, and tears filled my eyes. A pleased smile played round Charlotte's beautiful mouth; but she turned away without reply, as if unwilling to cherish a hope which might prove fallacious.

I had some curiosity to know whether the only obstacle to her wishes lay with her father; but I wasdeterred from asking

questions, by recollecting her language on a former occasion. Besides, I was afraid that she might fancy I felt some interest in the disposal of Maitland's affections.

THE TANJORE MAH... S.M.

CHAP. XXIX.

Hail awful scenes that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.

BEATTIE.

"No wonder that my countryman has celebrated the merits of a Scotch breakfast," said I, upon seeing the splendour and abundance of the morning repast at Castle Eredine. The linen and china were exquisitely delicate; and the table, though loaded with a plenty approaching to profusion, was arranged with perfect order and neatness. Eredine, for so I found it was the custom to call Mr Graham, having placed me in a sturdy square-built elbow-chair,

with a back lofty and solid enough to serve every purpose of a screen, began to heap before me all the variety of food within his reach. In vain did I remonstrate. The ceremonial of hospitality required that I should be urged even unto loathing. When I turned to supplicate my host for quarter, and hoped that he was inclined to relent, an old lady, who sat by me on the other side, assailed me in the unguarded moment with a new charge of ham and marmalade.

"Ah! if he had seen the breakfasts in my young days!" said Eredine, in answer to my comment. "A Glen Eredine breakfast was something substantial then. It was not children's food that bred the fellows who fought at Prestonpans."

"What could you possibly have, Sir, that is wanting here?"

The chieftain smiled compassionately upon me, as on a representative of the sons of little men. "Why, strong venison soup," said he, "and potted ptarmagans; or, if we were a hunting, a roasted salmon;—hunters are not nice you know."

As soon as we rose from table, Charlotte went to resume her office of housekeeper, which had, in her absence, been most zealously filled by one of her innumerable cousins. To associate me in this employment, was one of the friendly arts by which Charlotte contrived to domesticate me at Eredine; and household affairs furnished some little occupation for us both, although the establishment at the Castle was then smaller than it had ever been from time immemorial.

Feudal habits were extinct; and the days were long since gone, when bands of kinsmen, united in one great family, repaid hospitality and protection with more than filial veneration and love. Eredine had outlived three elder sisters, who for the greater part of a century had resided under the roof where they were born; and two younger brothers, who, after expiating, by thirty years of exile, their adherence to their hereditary sovereign, had returned to lay their ashes with those of their fathers. His eldest son had, a few months before, fallen a sacrifice to a West Indian climate; his second was banished from home by

circumstances which I have already mentioned. The family, therefore, consisted of Eredine, his daughter, and myself; four men and seven women servants; Charlotte's nurse; a blind woman, who, being fit for nothing else, was stocking-knitter-general to the family, and served, moreover, as a humble substitute for the bard of other times; two little girls, one humpbacked, the other sickly; and three boys, two of whom were maintained because they were orphans, and the third because his grandmother had been the laird's favourite, some sixty years before; and finally, Roban Gorach, Cecil's deserted lover; who as the humour served, tended Henry's old white poney, or wandered to all the sacraments administered within sixty miles round, or sat by his torn oak from morn to night unquestioned.

But these were by no means the only persons who daily shared in the good cheer of Castle Eredine. Besides several superannuated people of both sexes, who, for this very purpose, had been provided with cottages adjacent to the Castle, we had stable-boys, and errand-boys, and

cow-herds, and goose-herds; beggars and travellers by dozens; besides maintaining for the day, every tradesman who executed the most trivial order for the family without doors or within. How was I surprised to learn, that this establishment was supported by an estate of little more than a thousand pounds a-year.

This family party was, for the present, reinforced by visitors of all ranks, who came to congratulate Charlotte's return. Among the earliest of these was my old friend Cecil, who recognized me with tears of joy. Reçovering herself, she began to applaud her own skill in prophecy. "I told you," cried she, "that ye knew not where a blessing might light; and there, ye see, ye're in Castle Eredine. And now Mr Henry will be gathered to you, and that will be seen."

In answer to my inquiries into her own situation, she informed me that her husband had returned home, having been disabled by sickness, and discharged from his regiment as unfit for service. She talked of his illness, however, without any alarm; for

she had travelled on foot to Breadalbane to bring water from a certain consecrated spring, * on which she fully relied for his cure. "What grieves us the most," said she to me apart, "is that he's no' fit to help at the laird's shearing this year; as he had a good right, as well as the rest. And, ye see, I cannot speak to Miss Graham upon that to make his excuse, for she might think we were *reflecting*, because he got's trouble tending Mr Kenneth."

The next day brought the harvest party of which Cecil had spoken. About four o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by the shrieking and groaning of a bag-pipe under my window; and starting out of bed to ascertain the occasion of this annoyance, saw about a couple of hundred men and women collected near the house. These I found were the tenantry of Glen Eredine, assembled to cut down the landlord's corn; a service which they were bound to perform without hire. Yet never, in scenes professedly devoted to amusement, had I

* See note I, at the end of the Volume.

witnessed such animating hilarity as cheered this unrewarded labour. The work was carried on all day, in measured time to the sound of the bag-pipe, yet without causing any interruption to the jests of the young or the legends of the old. Mr Graham himself frequently joined in both, without incurring the slightest danger of forfeiting respect by condescension. Dinner for the whole party was, of course, dispatched from the castle. Fortunately, the cookery was not very complex, for the old nurse and the blind stocking-knitter were the only persons left at home to assist Charlotte and myself in the preparation.

It was customary for the festivities of the day to conclude with a ball on the old bowling-green; and promising myself some amusement from the novelty, I repaired to the spot soon after the time when the dancers had been accustomed to assemble. But no dancers were there. Not a person was to be seen, except one sickly emaciated creature, wearing a faded regimental coat over his tartan waistcoat and philibeg,

who stood leaning against a tree with an aspect of hopeless dejection.

Supposing that I had mistaken the place, I inquired of this person whither I must go to seek the dancers. "Think ye lady," said the man, with a look somewhat indignant, "That they would dance here this night? I hope they're no' so ill-mannered. It would be a fine story for them to be dancing, and the best blood in Eredine not well cold i' the grave yet!"

I perceived that he alluded to the recent death of Kenneth Graham; and, struck with such an instance of delicacy in persons whom I considered as little better than savages, I was going to enter into further conversation with the man, when seeing Charlotte at a distance, I hastened to meet her. I could not prevail upon her to express the slightest surprise at the sensibility of her countrymen. "It is just as I expected," said she; and she proceeded to inform me, that the person whom I had quitted was the husband of my old friend Cecil, and the foster-brother of Kenneth Graham. "Poor James!" said she, "I

believe it would have broken his heart if that bowling-green had been profaned with sounds of merriment. He visits it every evening at the same hour when he was wont to come five and twenty years ago to play with my brothers. That poor fellow has given the strongest proofs of the attachment to a superior which you think so uncommon. As soon as he heard that my brother was ordered abroad, he left his wife and children, and explored his way on foot to the South of Ireland, where the regiment was already embarked. He enlisted; watched his master in that dreadful disease which few could be found daring enough even to relieve; followed the remains of his foster-brother to the grave, when sickness had made him unable to return from the spot; and lay all night on the earth which covered the head he loved best. Alas! alas! it lies among stranger dust, far from us all."

Although, ever since we had been on confidential habits, Charlotte had spoken of her dead brother almost as much as of the living one, these were the only words of lamentation which I ever heard her utter.

On the contrary, the associations with which the remembrance of the dead was joined, seemed to be pleasurable. She appeared to sympathize in the delight with which Lady Eredine and her son would meet; speaking of them exactly as she would of living persons possessed of all the sentiments and functions of mortality.

From these themes the transition was easy to the subject of Henry Graham,—a subject in which I took almost as much interest as she did herself; for what girl of one-and-twenty could be uninterested in an unknown lover? a lover described as handsome, brave, generous, good! and who had besides fallen in love at first sight; a compliment which, by the value some ladies put upon it, I suppose is estimated more by its rarity than its worth. Now, all this my imagination found in Henry Graham; for I was in the land of imagination. I was more than half persuaded of my conquest. There was no other way of accounting for his assiduous good offices; his flattering yet minute description of my appearance. But Charlotte never directly

admitted this explanation of his conduct, and I durst not venture to shew her how far vanity could lead me in conjecture; though curiosity often made me come as near to the subject as I dared. "After all!" I would say to myself, "what can it signify to me? I shall never like the man; and I would far rather earn my bread by labour than by marriage."

In the meantime, I was as much domesticated at Eredine as if I had already been a daughter of the family. My kind friend soon found means to make me consider it as for the present my permanent abode. She knew me too well to expect, that this could ever take place so long as I felt myself a useless dependent; and this was, I am persuaded, the real cause which inspired her with an enthusiastic desire to excel in music. There was no danger that this plea for my detention should soon be exhausted; for Charlotte's skill hitherto went no farther than jingling a strathspey upon an excruciating harpsichord. Precisely at the lucky moment, however, arrived a splendid harp, a present from her considerate brother; and

our labours began with much zeal and some success.

In return, she exerted surprizing patience in assisting my study of her native tongue; and the whole family, myself included, were delighted with my progress. We make rapid advances in a dialect which is the only medium of communication with three-fourths of the persons around us; and, in justice to Highland politeness, I must assert, that there is no language which may be attempted with more perfect security from ridicule. This acquisition, together with my performance of some Gaelic songs, brought me into high estimation with my venerable host. He declared, "that I could turn Chro challin or Oran gaoil almost as well as his mother,—*white be the place of her soul;*" and only regretted, that instead of "that unhandy thing of a harp, which made trews where trews should not be, I had not the light lady-like Clarsach, that the d——d Hanoverians burnt when they ransacked Glen Eredine."

There might have been danger that my favourite recreation, to which long absti-

hence gave all the charm of novelty, should make unreasonable encroachment on my time. But almost the earliest work of my renovated judgment had been to impress me with a solemn conviction of the value of time; and when I recollected that, of the few allotted years of man, seventeen had already been worse than squandered; that of the uncertain remainder, a third must be devoted to the mere support of animal existence,—a part given to the harmless enjoyments, a part rifled by the idle fooleries of others,—an unknown portion laid waste of joy and usefulness, by sickness, by sorrow, or by that overpowering languor which palsies at times even the most active spirit;—when I remembered, that the whole is fugitive in its nature as the colours of the morning sky, irreversible in its consequence as the fixed decree of Heaven, I could no longer waste the treasure on the sports of children, or suffer the jewel to slip from the nerveless grasp of an idiot. I had formed a plan for the distribution of my time; to which I adhered so steadily, that I seldom spent an hour altogether unprofitably; that

is, I seldom spent an hour of which the employment had no tendency to produce rational, benevolent, or devout habits in myself or in others.

Let it not, therefore, be imagined that my whole life and conversation were as solemn, and as wise, and as tiresome as possible. The flowers of the moral world were doubtless intended to scatter cheerfulness and pleasure there; and the woman who contributes nothing to the innocent amusement of mankind, has renounced one purpose of her being. I am persuaded, that a happier party, or at times a merrier, never met, than assembled round our fireside at Eredine.

Nor was it always confined to the members of our own family. Our neighbours, —and all within twenty miles were our neighbours,—often came with half-a-dozen of their sons and daughters, two or three servants, and a few horses, to spend some days at Castle Eredine. Uninvited and unexpected, they were always welcome. No preparation could be made; no bustle ensued. The guests were for the time mem-

bers of the household, and partook in its business, its enjoyments, and its privations. The morning amusements of the gentlemen furnished us with game; those of the ladies, with lighter dainties; and our evenings were enlivened by music, more abundant, it must be confessed, than excellent.

But, though my hours were neither dull nor solitary, I must own, that my heart leapt light with the hope of something new, when, one morning, Charlotte running into the room breathless with delight, exclaimed, "He is coming, dearest Ellen! he is coming. He will give up all his habits,—his pursuits,—he will give back their trash,—he will return to his father,—to us all."

"Henry! When, dear Charlotte?"

"Now! Soon! In a week! Oh, if that week were past!"

Charlotte was restless with joy. She left me almost immediately; and I followed her to her father. The good old man folded us both to his breast. "God grant I live this week," said he, "and then—." He paused a little, half ashamed of his emotion; "I doubt," said he, with a smile,

"my eyes are not so strong as they have been." Then disengaging himself from us, he hurried out upon the road which led to Edinburgh, as if he had already hoped to meet his son; and repeated the same walk full twenty times that day. Next, he would count every stage of Henry's journey, and fix the very hour of his arrival, and order an infinity of preparations for his reception; and, when he had quite exhausted himself, he sunk into his great oak-chair ruminating, while a delighted smile at times crossed his face. "The little curly-pated dog was his mother's darling," cried he; "and yet I never could find out how that happened, for there never was a Southron blood-drop in him. He was always a Graham to the heart's core."

Had I before been wholly uninterested in Henry's arrival,—had I owed no obligation to him as the bestower of a secure though humble independence,—had all the suggestions of vanity been silenced, I must have sympathized in the joy expressed in every face I saw, in every voice I heard. The house-maids all claimed the honour of

arranging his apartment ; and as the division of labour, and all the distinctions between cook and chamber-maid, were quite unknown in Glen Eredine, the honour was bestowed according to seniority. The spinners celebrated their young master's return in the extemporary songs, so common among their country women. The men brought home for him as many roes, black-cock, and ptarmagan, as would have satiated * courteous King Jamie's ravenous visitor. Charlotte's nurse told me endless anecdotes of his childhood; and I heard the blind knitter cry out in a tone of triumph, "He led me up the loan with's *oun* hand, sirs; and that's what he never did to one o' ye all. And shame fa' me, if ever a man lead me by the right hand again, an it be no' Eredine himsel'; and that's not to be thought."

The only one who took no share in the cheerful bustle was poor Roban Gorach; yet he too could, in his way, testify affection for his young master. I had strolled out; and taking my favourite station on a

* See Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

ledge of rock which overhung the lake, I had suffered my thoughts to shape, I know not what romantic dream, of Henry Graham, and friendship, and Charlotte, and Maitland, and Castle Eredine, and castles in the air; when I was roused by the approach of poor Roban, attended by the old white poney, which followed him like a dog. He accosted me with an earnest look, lowering his voice to a confidential tone. "They say you're ordained for him," said he; "so blessings on your face! take him peaceably."

Since I had become a favourite in Glen Eredine, so many dreams and prophecies had announced me its future mistress, that I had no difficulty in apprehending his meaning, "Oh! you must let me refuse a little at first for decency sake, Robert," said I, laughing.

"Mysel' would fain you do's bidding before you be hindered," said he; laying his fingers pleadingly upon my arm. "What if he *would* see you going down the loan there, and through the wood, with another man's boy in bosom?"—he raised his arm,

tracing as he spoke the path towards Cecil's dwelling; then letting it drop unconsciously, he proceeded in his native tongue, as if he had forgotten my presence. "He would care no more for his fine golden watch, and all the parks and *towns* of Eredine, than for the wind when *she* flies by him." "But, Robert," said I, interrupting his mournful reverie, "how should you all like to have a Saxon mistress in the Castle?" "If it were so ordered," answered Robert, "who could say against?"—and we might be very well, though it were so. Just you forget that you're a stepmother, with your leave; and we'll all forget it too."

When I returned to the house, I learnt, what I had indeed inferred from Roban's language, that Cecil had been there. She came to ask medicine and advice for her dying husband; but when told the good news of the day, she retired without suffering Miss Graham's joy to be interrupted by her melancholy errand. Though, after having lived three months in Glen Eredine, I could no longer be surprised at this delicacy, it can never cease to please; and I immediate-

ly requested Charlotte to direct our evening walk towards Cecil's cottage.

We were received at the door by Cecil, who loaded us both with congratulations; and invited us, as she was accustomed to do, into her chamber of state, or, as she phrased it, "ben a house." This apartment was at that time no unfavourable specimen of Glen Eredine parlours. It had to be sure an earthen floor not levelled with much nicety, but it was tolerably clean; it was ceiled with whitened boards, lighted by a sashed window, furnished with plane-tree chairs and tables, and ornamented with an open corner cupboard filled with gaudy stone-bowls, and jugs enriched with humble anacreontics. This was not, however, the family room; and, finding that poor James inhabited the other end of the building, we insisted upon adjourning thither.

This humbler apartment was separated from the other by a pannelled closet or rather box, which served the double purpose of bed and partition. The remaining walls were imperfectly plastered with clay; and the rude frame work of the roof was visible,

where light enough to make it so was admitted by the aperture which served for a chimney, and by a window of four panes, one of which was boarded, and another stuffed with rags. Beneath the above mentioned aperture, the bounds of the fire-place were marked only by a narrow piece of pavement, upon which a turf-fire smouldered unconfined against the wall. The smoke, thus left at large, had dyed the rafters of an ebon hue; and, mixing with the condensed vapour, distilled in inky drops from the roof. The floor was strewed with water-pails, iron-pots, wooden-ware, and broken crockery. Cecil's eldest child, a boy of about four years old, tartaned and capped as martially as any "gallant Graham" of them all, sprawled contentedly in the middle of the litter, sharing his supper of barley-bread with an overgrown pet lamb; and the youngest, attired with rather less ceremony, crouched by the side of a black pot, contesting with the cock the remains of a mess of oatmeal pottage.

From these postures of ease, however, Cecil instantly snatched them both. "Up,

ill manners!" cried she; "think it your credit to stand when the gentles come to see you. This maxim she enforced by example, for no entreaties could prevail upon her to be seated in our presence.

The sallow haggard countenance of poor James appeared through the open pannel of the bed; and Miss Graham approaching, inquired "how he felt himself?"

"Ye're good that asks," said Cecil, answering for him; "but he'll never be better, and he has no worse to be."

"These people are savages after all!" thought I. "Would any humanized being have pronounced such a sentence in the sick man's hearing?" I stole a glance towards the bed, half fearing to witness the effect of her barbarity.

"Trouble must have its time," said the man cheerfully; but "we must just hope it'll no be long now."

This was so little like fear, that I was obliged to convert the words of encouragement into those of congratulation; and after Miss Graham had made some more particular inquiries, I expressed my satis-

faction in observing such apparent resignation.

"Deed Ma'am," said James, "I cannot say but that I am willing enough to depart, I'm whiles feared indeed; but then I'm whiles newfangled."

"I'm sure lady," said Cecil, tears now streaming down her cheeks, "he has no reason to be feared; for he's been a well-living Christian all's days, and a good husband he's been;—and he shall have no reason to reflect that he has no' as decent a burial as ever the ground was broken for in Eredine. And for that we're partly and much beholden to you Miss Percy,—a blessing on you for that,—and a decent departure might you have therefor! And thankful may we be, Jamie, that ye'll no lie in unkent ground, among strangers, and heathens, and all the offscourings of the earth!"

"No!" said Miss Graham; "among strangers you shall not lie. You shall be laid by the place where your foster-brother should have lain; and your head-stone shall be my memorial of him, and of what you did for him."

A flash of joy brightened the face of the dying man. He looked at Miss Graham as if he would fain have thanked her; but though his lips moved, they uttered no sound. Cecil was voluble in her thanks; and I verily believe was half-reconciled to the prospect of her misfortune, by the honour which it was to procure for her husband.

"When you see my dear brother," proceeded Miss Graham, tell him, James, that my only regret now is, that I could shew neither love nor honour to his remains; and that they must rest so far from mine!" *

At this moment a casual change of posture made me observe through the window a human figure, partially hid by an old ash tree which grew within a few feet of the cottage wall. The figure advanced a step; and I perceived through the dusk of the evening, that it was Roban Gorach. He was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed on the window; his head and arms

* See Note K, at the end of the Volume.

hanging listlessly down, with that undefinable singularity of mien which betokens the wandering of the mind.

I was going to call Miss Graham's attention to the circumstance, when our strange conversation was interrupted by a scream from the youngest child, whom Cecil had hastily caught up in her arms. The scream was certainly the shriek of pain, perhaps partly of surprize; yet Cecil, apologizing for her child's temper, began to sooth him with the sounds which nurses apply to mere frowardness, mixing them at times with the hum of a song. Her remonstrances to the child were given in Gaelic, interrupted by apologies in English to Miss Graham and myself. More than once she pronounced the word * which signifies "Go," "begone!" with strong emphasis; holding the child from her as if threatening to forsake him. He still continued to cry, and she to hush him with a song, which was at first irregular and indistinct; but which, by degrees, formed itself into regu-

* Falbh bi falbh.

lar rhythm, pronounced with such precision, that even my slender knowledge of her language was sufficient to render it intelligible to me; while its occasional interruptions gave me time to fix the meaning at least in my memory. Of the plaintive simplicity of the original—of the effect it derived from the wild and touching air to which it was sung, my feeble translation can convey no idea; but I give the literal English of the whole.*

Go to thy rest, oh beloved;
My soul is pained with thy wailing;
The wrath of a father is kindled by thy complaining:
Go to thy rest.

Choice of my heart thou hast been,
But now I lay thee from my bosom
That it may receive my betrothed:
Go to thy rest.

Oh cease thy lamentation;
Disquiet me no more.
Till the long night bring morning of pleasant meetings,
Go to thy rest.

* See Note L, at the end of the Volume.

Though I, having seen that Roban Gorach was one of Cecil's auditors, was at no loss to perceive the double meaning of the song, neither poor James nor Miss Graham could observe any thing peculiar in it. Cecil never appeared to cast a glance towards the real object of her address; and at every pause in the air, she conversed with an appearance of perfect unconcern.

I own my esteem for my first Highland friend was far from being improved by this specimen of her dexterity in intrigue. As soon as Charlotte and I had taken our leave, I told her what I had observed; but, unwilling to express a harsh opinion, I waited for her comments. The incident, however, made no unfavourable impression upon her. "I know," said she, "that Cecil has a great deal of discretion and presence of mind."

"Presence of mind I allow; but really it seems to me that if her husband had witnessed this piece of management, he would have been very pardonable for doubting her discretion."

"How so? do you not think it was pru-

dent to prevent her dying husband from being shocked by the sight of that poor creature?"

"To tell you the truth, Charlotte, I think such readiness in intrigue betokens Cecil's fidelity to be at least in danger."

"Surely you do not suspect—you cannot suppose—setting aside all fear of God, think you she could make outcasts of her children!—transmit her name black with the infamy of being the first unfaithful wife that ever disgraced Glen Eredine! No, no, Cecil would rather be buried under Benarde—aye, silly as he is, Robert would rather lay her head in the grave! No, no, Miss Percy; whatever may be the practice in other countries, we have reason to be thankful that such atrocities are unknown in Eredine." *

Charlotte's warm defence was interrupted by the approach of poor Robert, who was following us home. "Would ye just please to bid *her*," said he, pointing towards Cecil's cottage, "let me thrash two

* See Note M, at the end of the Volume.

or three sheaves for her. She has nobody now to do for her;—and if ye'll just allow me, its as sure's death, I'll stay in barn, and never go near house to plague her."

"I think, Robert," answered Charlotte, "it would be very foolish in you to take so much trouble for one who never even speaks to you."

"Aye, but yoursel' knows I'm no very wise," said Robert, with a feeble smile. Then, after a few moments silence, he repeated his request. Miss Graham gave an evasive answer, and he again fell behind; but during our walk he came forward again and again, to urge his petition, as if he had forgotten having offered it before.

"I beg pardon of Cecil and Glen Eredine, Charlotte," said I. "I had forgotten the nature and the constancy of this poor young man's attachment, when I suspected her of imprudence. I am sure that a virtuous man alone can feel, a woman of discretion alone can inspire, such disinterested, such unconquerable affection."

"You are right, Ellen. Looseness of

morals on the one side, or even a very venial degree of levity on the other, is fatal to all the loftier forms of passion. I believe even perfect frankness of manners is hostile to them. It leaves too little for the imagination."

We both walked on musing, till my dream was broken by our arrival at the gate. "Is your brother reserved?" said I, very unconsciously.

"I never found him so," returned Charlotte, laughing, "but you have so much imagination, that I believe it will do notwithstanding."

The day approached when this object of universal interest was to arrive; and every stage of his journey, every hour of its duration, was counted a hundred times. "Four whole days still!" "To-night he will sleep in Scotland!" "By this time to-morrow!" In how many tones of impatience, of exultation, of delight, were these sentences uttered?

The father's joy was the least exclamatory. After the first emotion was past, he seemed to think much expression of his feel-

ings unsuitable to his years; though every thing "put him in mind what Henry said when he was last at home;" or, "what Henry did when a boy;" and he every now and then shook Charlotte and me by the hand with such a look of congratulation!

He hinted some intention of riding as far as Aberfoyle to meet his son; though he seemed to doubt whether this were altogether consistent with his paternal dignity. "It is not what one could do for every young man," said he; "but Henry was never a sort of boy that is easily spoiled." So with this salvo, with which many a father has excused his self-indulgence, Eredine determined to meet Henry at Aberfoyle.

On the eventful morning, the whole family arose with the dawn. Almost the first person I saw was Eredine, arrayed and accoutred in the perfect costume of his country, marching up and down in the court with even more than his usual elasticity of step. The good old gentleman prepared for his journey with all the alertness of five and twenty. "Come Charlotte," said he, "get

me a breakfast fit for a man. Remember I have more than sixty miles to ride to-day. Miss Percy, do you think any of your Lowland lads of seventy-six could do as much? Well, well, wait till nine o'clock at night; and, God willing, I'll shew you a lad worth a fine woman's looking at."

In spite of the entreaties of old Donald MacIan and the family piper, who would fain have led forth the whole clan, Eredine set out attended only by his household servants. But as soon as the laird was gone, Donald followed his own inclinations. The piper marched through every *baile** in the Glen, pouring forth a torrent of vigorous discords, which he called the "*Graham's Gathering*;" then took the road towards Aberfoyle, followed by the train whom he had assembled. By noon, scarcely a man was left in Glen Eredine.

On the other hand, the women came in crowds to the Castle, each bringing a cheese, a kid, a pullet, or whatever else her cabin could supply; and, having deposited these

* Hamlet,—*Town*.

"*compliments*," as they called them, they quietly returned to their homes. The servants ran idly bustling about the house, forgetting every part of their business which did not refer to Mr Henry. One began to air his linen as soon as day dawned. Another piled heap after heap of turf upon his fire. A third, at the expence of the state bedchamber, embellished his apartment with a carpet not unlike, both in pattern and size, to a chess-board. I found a fourth busied in anointing his leather-bottomed chairs with a mixture of oil and soot; scrubbing this Hottentot embrocation into the grain with a shoe-brush. "I'm just giving them a bit clean for him," said she, in answer to my exclamation of amazement. "He had always a cleanly turn,—God save him!"

At last all preparations perforce were finished; and the day then seemed endless to us all. Charlotte was silent and restless. She tried to work; but it would not do; she tried to read, and succeeded no better. She visited her brother's apartment again and again, and could never satisfy herself that all was ready for his reception. She

began to fear that he might not arrive that night, yet she was half angry with me for admitting the possibility. Towards evening she stationed herself in a window to watch for him; turning away sometimes with tears of disappointment in her eyes, and then resuming her watch once more.

Twilight closed in the stillness of a frosty night. Charlotte drew me to the gate to listen. All was profoundly quiet. At last a dog bayed at a distance. "I hear the pipe!" said Charlotte, grasping my arm. I listened. The sound was faintly heard, then lost, then heard again. By degrees it swelled into distinctness; the trampling of horses,—the tread of a multitude was heard,—voices mingled with the sound. Charlotte ran forward, and then returned again. "No! I cannot meet him before all these people," said she; and we retreated to the house.

I saw through the dusk the stately figures of the chief and his son approaching on foot from the gate where they had dismounted; and I stole back into the parlour, unwilling that my presence should embarrass the ex-

pected meeting. Yet, with a fluttering heart, I listened eagerly to their quickened steps,—to the clasp of affection,—to the whisper of rapture. "Brother!" "Charlotte!" pronounced in the scarcely articulate accents of extasy, were for some moments the only words uttered; the next that reached my ear, were those in which the traveller eagerly inquired for me. I sprang forward, for it was a well-remembered voice that spoke; but the next moment I shrunk before the flashing glance of Maitland!

CHAP. XXX.

Here have I found at last a home of peace,
To hide me from the world! far from its noise,
To feed that spirit which, though ——
—— linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy! and through the calm
That sleeps amid this mountain solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted!

John Wilson.

"But seriously Charlotte," said I, when at a late hour we found ourselves once more alone in our chamber, "seriously, do you think it was quite right in you to use this concealment with me?"

"Seriously, I think it was. Long before I knew you, I could have guessed that you would dislike receiving even a trifling service from Mr ———. No, I never yet

called Henry Graham by that upstart mercantile name, and I never will. To tell you the truth, Ellen, my brother had so far made me his confidante, that, judging of you by myself, I thought you would rather lose your money than owe it to his good offices."

"I am sorry you thought it necessary to humour my pride at such an expence. Humbled and mortified I might have been by any kindness from Mr Maitland; but I have perhaps deserved the humiliation more than the kindness. He owes me a little mortification, for drawing him into the greatest folly he ever was guilty of."

"Oh you must not imagine that all my discretion was exerted only to humour your saucy spirit. I had a purpose of my own to serve. I dare say we should never have slid into any real intimacy, if you had known me to be the sister of a quondam lover; watching, no doubt, with a little womanly jealousy, the character of one whom my favourite brother *once* loved better than me."

"I am persuaded this could have made

little difference ; for my faults, unfortunately, will not be concealed ; and my good qualities I shall always be willing enough to display."

"Oh, to be sure, my dear humble Miss Percy would knowingly and wittingly have come here to ingratiate herself with us all! No doubt, you would have been much more at home with us, had you known our connection with your old admirer! and no doubt, you would have quietly waited his arrival here, that you might be courted in due form!"

"Pshaw, Charlotte, I am sure that it—I hope—I mean, I am quite certain that your brother has no such nonsense in his thoughts. And I am sure it is much better it should be so ; for you know I have always told you that I have a natural indifference about me—Heigho!"

"What! even after you have seen that 'it was your duty to be in love long ago!' Will you 'deprive' yourself of 'the honour,' the 'happiness'——"

"Surely, Charlotte, you will never be so mischievous, so cruel, as to repeat these

thoughtless unmeaning expressions to your brother! You know they were spoken under entire miscônception. And, besides, to be sensible of what I ought once to have done, is a very different thing from being able to do it now."

"Make yourself quite easy my dear Ellen," said Charlotte with a provoking smile, "I have more *esprit de corps* than to tell a lady's secret. Besides, even for my brother's own sake, I shall leave him to make discoveries for himself. But by the way, it is very good-natured in me to promise all this; for I have reason to be angry, that you think it necessary to warn me against repeating any thing uttered in the mere unguardedness of chit-chat."

I made no apology; for I have such an abhorrence of trick and contrivance of every kind, that, to own the truth, I, at that moment, felt half-justified in withdrawing part of my confidence from Charlotte. "How in the world did such a scheme occur to you?" said I, after a pause. "Nothing like a plot ever enter my head."

"It occurred to me in the simplest way

possible, my dear. Henry writes to me remitting your money; describing you so as to prevent any chance of imposition; and charging me not to rest till I have found you. "It will distress her," says he, "to owe this little service to me, but perhaps there is no remedy." Now, was not the very spirit of contradiction enough to make one devise a remedy? Then he goes on—stay, here is the letter.

"If she be found, I do not ask you to re-
"ceive her to your acquaintance, to your
"intimacy. There is something in Miss
"Percy which will irresistibly win you to
"both. But I do ask you to tell me, with
"perfect candour, the impression which her
"character makes upon your mind. Tell
"me with minute exactness, of her tem-
"per, her sentiments, her employments,
"her pleasures. Describe even her looks
"and gestures. There is meaning in the
"least of them. Write fearlessly—I am
"no weak lover now. I know you ladies
"are all firm believers in the eternity of
"love; and one part of the passion is in-

"deed immortal in a heart of ordinary "warmth and delicacy. My interest in "Miss Percy's welfare and improvement "is not less strong than in yours, my own "Charlotte. Perhaps the precariousness "of her situation even turns my anxieties "more strongly towards her. Of course, "this will no longer be the case when I "know that she is safe at Eredine; for you "must prevail upon her to visit Eredine. "She has a thousand little *womanlinesses* "about her, which you could never ob- "serve in an ordinary acquaintance of calls "and tea-drinkings; and you must be in- "timate with her before you can know or "value that delightful warmth and single- "ness of heart, which cannot but attach "you. I am sure she will bewitch my fa- "ther. There is a gladness in her smile "that will delight his very soul."

"Have not Henry and I shewn a very decent portion of Highland second-sight and discretion, think you, Ellen? His prediction has been quite verified; and I am

sure I have managed the plot incomparably."

"Ah but Charlotte, after all, I wonder how you found it practicable. It was a hundred to one that somebody should have let me into the secret."

"Hum! I might have been in some danger while we were in Edinburgh, though few people there knew any thing of the matter. But, from the moment we reached Glen Eredine, I knew we were safe. Nobody here would mention to an inmate of our family, the only shade that ever rested on its name. Thank Heaven, even this stain is effaced now;—if indeed it be a stain to submit to a temporary degradation in obedience to a mother. You need not smile, Ellen. I am not so prejudiced as you think me. I know that, if the name of those merchants had been mean as obscurity could make it, it would have become honourable when borne by Henry Graham. And to be sure, all professions are alike in the eye of reason; only there are some which I think a gentleman should

leave to people who need money to distinguish them."

"Well," said I laughing, "now that you have convinced me that you have no prejudice, tell me how you could be sure that I only knew your brother by his 'upstart mercantile name.' If he had had the spirit of his sister, he could not have refrained from hinting his right to be called a Graham."

"Oh but Henry has nothing boastful in his disposition; and I knew that, having given up his name to please his uncle, he scorned to make the sacrifice by halves. The old gentleman hated us all as a clan of rebels; and, while he lived, my mother would never even allow us to address our letters to Henry under his real name; and I don't believe poor Henry himself ever mentioned it to a human being. So, before I saw you, I guessed that you might not be in the secret; and the moment I entered on the business with you, I found I had guessed right. But I dare say Henry will tell you his whole story now; for you must have many a confidential tête-à-tête."

Confidential tête-à-têtes with Mr Maitland! The idea led me into such a reverie, that before I spoke again Charlotte was in bed, and asleep.

I rose early; and yet, in three months of country negligence, my clothes had all grown so troublesomely unbecoming, that, before I could make them look tolerable, the family were assembled at breakfast. Maitland took his place by me. "I will sit between my sisters," said he; and from that time he called me "sister Ellen." The kindness of his manner made me burn with shame at the recollection of my ungenerous purpose against his peace. I held down my head, and was ready to thank Heaven that I saw him well and happy. I was very glad, however, when I handed him his tea, that my hand and arm were quite as beautiful as ever. My embarrassment soon wore away. Maitland had evidently forgiven, he had almost, I thought, forgotten my misconduct. So respectful, so kind were his attentions, so equally divided between Charlotte and me, that I soon forgot my restraint; and caught myself

chattering and playing the fool in my own natural manner.

The day was past before I was aware; and every day stole away I know not how. Their flight was marked only by our progress in the books which Maitland read with Charlotte and me; or by that of a large plantation which we all superintended together. Yet I protest, I have suffered more weariness in one party of pleasure, than I did in a whole winter in Glen Eredine. For, though the gentlemen always spent the mornings apart from us, Charlotte and I were at no loss to fill up the hours of their absence in the duties consequent upon being not only joint housewives in the Castle, but schoolmistresses, chamber-council, physicians, apothecaries, and listeners-general to all the female inhabitants of Glen Eredine. What endless, what innumerable stories did this latter office oblige me to hear? I am persuaded, that I know not only the present circumstances and characters of every person in the Glen; but their family history from time imme-

morial, besides certain prophetic glimpses of their future fortunes.

I entirely escaped, however, the heavier labour of entertaining idle gentlemen; for the bitterest storm of winter never confined Eredine or Mr Graham to the fireside. Wrapped in their plaids, they braved the blast, as the sports or the employments of the field required; and returned prepared to be pleased with every thing at home. Our evenings were delightful; enlivened as they were by Eredine's cheerfulness, Charlotte's frank vivacity, and Henry's sly quiet humour.

How often in their course did I wonder that I could ever think Maitland cold and stately? His extensive information, his acquaintance with scenes and manners which were new to us all, did indeed render his conversation a source of instruction, as well as of amusement; but no man was ever more free from that tendency towards dogma and harangue, which is so apt to infect those who chiefly converse with inferiors. He joined his family-circle, neither determined to be wise nor to be witty, but to give and

receive pleasure. His was the true fire of conversation; the kindly warmth was essential to its nature, the brilliance was an accident. Maitland indeed—But I must bid farewell to that name,—the only subject on which I cannot sympathise with the friends whom I love the best. To me, though it be coupled with feeling of self-reproach and regret, it is associated too with all that is venerable in worth, and all that is splendid in eloquence. I exchange it for a noble name,—a name which has mingled with many a wild verse, and many a romantic tale;—a name which the historian and the poet shall celebrate when they blazon actions more dazzling, but not more virtuous than those which daily marked the life of Henry Graham!

Spring came; and never, since the first spring adorned Eden, did that season appear so lovely! So soft were its colours, so balmy its breezes, so pure, so peaceful its moonlight,—such repose, such blest seclusion, such confidential kindly home-breathing sweetness were in every scene! I shall never forget the delightful coolness

of a shower that dimpled the calm lake, as Graham and I stood sheltered by an old fantastic fir-tree. No sound was heard but the hush of the rain drops, and now and then the distant wailing of the water-fowl. "How often, both sleeping and awake, have I dreamt of this!" said Graham, in the low confiding tone which scarcely disturbed the stillness. "And even now, I can scarcely believe that it is not all a dream. This profound repose! every shadow sleeping just where it lay, when I used to wonder what immeasureable depth of waters could so represent the vault of Heaven! And after my weary exile, to be thus near to all that is dearest to me,—to feel their very touch,—their very breath on my cheek—."

I know not how it happened, but, at that moment, I breathed with some difficulty, and moved a little away. But then I suddenly recollected that Charlotte was standing at his other side; and I moved back again, lest he should think me very silly indeed. For Mr Graham was no lover of mine; that is, he never talked of love to me; but I had began to feel an odd curiosi-

ty to know whether he ever would talk of it, and when.

I pondered this matter very deeply for some days; and, after sundry lonely rambles, and sederunts under the aforesaid fir-tree, I convinced myself, that, if Mr Graham chose to make love, I could not, without abominable ingratitude, refuse to listen.

I had returned from one of these rambles, and was just going to enter the parlour, when, as I opened the door, I was arrested by the voice of Graham within, speaking in that impressive tone of supressed emotion which he had already fixed irrevocably in my recollection. "If it be so," said he, "I am gone to-morrow. This day se'ennight I shall be in London."

I was thunderstruck. He was going then without a thought of me! My hand dropped from the lock; and I turned away, in a confused desire to escape from his sight and hearing.

"Bless me! Ellen! what is the matter with you?" cried Charlotte, whom I met on the stair. I hurried past her without speaking, and shut myself into my own apartment.

"What *is* the matter with me!" said I, throwing myself on a seat. The question was no sooner asked than answered; and, though I was alone, I could not help covering my face with my hands. The first distinct purpose which broke in upon my amazement and consternation, was, to see Graham no more; to remain in my place of refuge till he was gone; and then—it did not signify what then! all after-life must be a blank then!

However, I was obliged to yield to Charlotte's entreaties for admission; and, though all the interests of life were so soon to close, I was obliged to take my tea; and then I was half forced to try the open air, as a remedy for the headache, to which, like all heroines, I ascribed my agitation. I somewhat repented of this compliance, however, when I found that Graham was to be the companion of my walk; and, though I could not decently refuse to take his arm, I endeavoured to look as frozen and disagreeable as possible. He spoke to me however with such kind solicitude, such respectful tenderness, that I was soon a little

reconciled to myself and him; and when Charlotte declared that she must stop to visit a sick cottager, and he would by no means allow me to breathe the close air of the cabin, I must own that I began to feel an instinctive desire to escape a tête-à-tête. But I had not presence of mind enough to defeat his purpose, and we pursued our walk together.

He led me towards a little woody dell; I talking laboriously without having any thing to say; he preserving an abstracted silence. But this could not long continue; and, by the time we had lost sight of human dwelling, our conversation was confined to short sentences, which at intervals of some minutes made the listener start. In mere escape from the awkwardness of my situation, I uttered some common-place on the beauty of the scenery; and desired Graham to look back towards the bright lake, seen through the vista formed by the shaggy rocks, which threw a twilight round us.

"Yes," said he, with a faint smile; let us stand and look at it together for a few short moments. Perhaps one of us will

never again see it with pleasure. Lean on me, dear Miss Percy, as you are used to do, and let me be happy while I dare."

He paused, but my eloquence was exhausted. I could not utter a word.

"This night, this very hour," he went on, "must make all these beauties a sickening blank to me, or perhaps heighten their interest a thousand-fold! Before we part this night, Ellen, I must learn from you whether duty and pleasure are never to unite for me. You know how long I have loved you, but I fear you can scarcely guess how tenderly. Dearest Ellen! think what the affection must be, which withstood your errors, your indifference, your scorn; —which neither time, nor absence, nor reason, could overcome. Think what it must be now, when I see thee all that man ought to love! To live without you now, to remember thy form in every scene, and know that thou art gone—Oh Ellen! do not force me to bear this! Say that you will permit me to try what perseverance, what love unutterable can do to win for me such affection as will satisfy your own sense

of duty, your own innocent mind, in that blessed connection which would make us more than lovers or friends to each other."

He paused in vain for a reply. If the fate of the universe had depended on my speaking, I could have uttered nothing intelligible. I suppose, however, the pleader began to conceive good hopes of his cause; for a certain degree of saucy exultation mingled with the tones of entreaty, as he said, "Speak to me, dearest Ellen—only one word. Tell me that I may one day hope to hear you own, that friendship, or habit, or call it what you will, has made me necessary to your happiness."

I would have given the world for some expression that should convey decent security to the worthy heart of Graham, without quite betraying the weakness of my own. "I cannot promise," said I, without daring to look up, "that ever you will bring me to actual confession."

"Nay, Ellen," said the unreasonable creature, "think you this little coquettish answer will content a man who asks his whole happiness from you?"

"I am sure I do not mean to coquet. Tell me what you wish me—what I ought to say, and I will say it,—if I can."

"My own, my bewitching Ellen—" said Graham.—

But hold! I will not tell what he said. If Henry Graham for once spoke nonsense, it would ill become me to record it. Nor will I relate my answer; because, in truth, I know not what it was. But Graham understood it to mean, that I was no longer the arrogant girl whose understanding, dazzled by prosperity, was blind to his merit, whose heart, hardened by vanity, was insensible to his love; no longer the thoughtless being whose hopes and wishes were engrossed by the most unsubstantial of all the cheats that delude us in this world of shadows;—but a humbled creature, thankful to find, in his sound mind and steady principle, a support for her acknowledged weakness;—a traveller to a better country, pleased to meet a fellow pilgrim, who, animating her diligence, and checking her wanderings, might sooth the toils of her

journey, and rejoice with her for ever in its blessed termination.

I have now been many years a wife; and, in all that time, have never left, nor wished to leave, Glen Eredine. Graham is still a kind of lover; and though I retain a little of the coquettish sauciness of Ellen Percy, I here confess that he is, if it be possible, dearer to me than when he first folded his bride to his heart, and whispered "Mine for ever."

We are still the guests of our venerable father; and within this hour he told me, that his heart makes no difference between me and his own Charlotte. Some misses, lately arrived from a boarding-school, have begun to call my sister an old maid; yet I do not perceive that this cabalistic term has produced any ill effect on Charlotte's temper, or on her happiness.

I am the mother of three hardy generous boys, and two pretty affectionate little girls. But far beyond my own walls extend the charities of kindred. Many a smoke, curling in the morning sun, guides my eye to

the abode of true though humble friends; for every one of this faithful romantic race is united to me by the ties of relationship. I am the mother of their future chieftain. Their interests, their joys, their sorrows, are become my own.

Having in my early days seized the enjoyments which selfish pleasure can bestow, I might now compare them with those of enlarged affections, of useful employment, of relaxations truly social, of lofty contemplation, of devout thankfulness, of glorious hope. I might compare them!—but the Lowland tongue wants energy for the contrast.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note A, Vol. II. page 265.

"*God save him.*"

No Highlander praises any living creature without adding this benediction. It is not confined, in its application, to human beings. If the subject of it belong to the speaker, this expression of dependence is intended to exclude boasting; if you commend what is the property of another, the Highland dread of an evil eye obliges you to intimate that you praise without envy. To be vain of a possession is justly considered as provoking Heaven to withdraw it, or to make it an instrument of punishment; and no true Highlander ever expected comfort in what had been envied or greedily desired by another.

Upon the same account, it is not judged polite to ask, nor safe to tell the number of a flock, or of a family. I once asked a countrywoman the number of a fine brood of chickens.

"They're as many as were gi'en;" said she, "I'm sure I never counted them."

Note B, Vol. II. page 287.

"*Aberfoyle men.*"

"The tract of country which has been de-"scribed appears, however, to have enjoyed "a considerable degree of tranquillity, till about "the year 1746. At that time it became infest-"ed with a lawless band of depredators, whose "fortunes had been rendered desperate by the "event of 1745, and whose habits had become "incompatible with a life of sobriety and hones-"ty. These banditti consisted chiefly of emi-"grants from Lochaber, and the remoter parts "of the Highlands."

"In convenient spots they erected temporary "huts, where they met from time to time, and "regaled themselves at the expence of the peace-"able and defenceless inhabitants. The ruins of "these huts are still to be seen in the woods. "They laid the country under contribution; "and whenever any individual was so unfortu-"nate as to incur their resentment, he might "lay his account with having his cattle carried "off before morning."

Graham's Sketches of Perthshire.

NOTE C, Vol. III. page 16.

"*Elfin arrow.*"

Elfin *arrow;* more properly, elfin "bolt." The Gaelic term signifies, "that which can be darted with destructive force;" there is, therefore, no reason to expect, that these weapons should be feathered and barbed like common arrows. These bolts are believed to be discharged by fairies with deadly intent. Nevertheless, when once in the possession of mortals, they are accounted talismans against witchcraft, evil-eyes, and elfish attacks. They are especially used in curing all such diseases of cattle as may have been inflicted by the malice of unholy powers.

The author is in possession of one of these talismans; which connoisseurs affirm to be no common elfin arrow, but the weapon of an elf of dignity. It was hurled at a country beauty, whose charms had captivated the Adonis of the district. The elf being enamoured of this swain, projected a deadly attack upon her rival. But these arrows are lethal only when they smite the uncovered skin. This proved the security of the Gaelic Phillis. The weapon struck her petticoat; she instantly possessed herself of the talisman, and was ever afterwards invulnerable to the attacks of fairies.

Within these twenty years, a staunch Highlander contrived to make her way into a bridal chamber; and, slitting the bride's new corsets, introduced an elfin arrow between the folds. The lady, feeling some inconvenience from this unusual addition to her dress, removed the charm; in consequence of which rash act she has proved childless!

NOTE D, Vol. III. page 21.

"*Busk my first curch.*"

Until very lately, no unmarried woman in the Highlands wore any covering on the head; not even at church, or in the open air. A *snood*, or bandeau of ribbon or worsted tape, was the only head-dress for maidens. On the morning after marriage, the cap or curch was put on with great ceremony, and the matron never again appeared without this badge of subjection.

In some parts of the Highlands it is still customary to delay the wedding for weeks, often for months after the ceremony of marriage has taken place. The interval is spent by the bride in preparing her bed, bedding, &c. which it is always her part to supply. The wedding is, with a

coolness of calculation which might satisfy Mr Malthus, generally postponed till the end of harvest, when labour is scarce, and provisions plentiful. About a week before the bride's removal to her new home, the bridegroom and she go separately to invite their acquaintance, sometimes to the number of hundreds, to the wedding. The bride's approach to her future dwelling is preceded by that of her household stuff; which affords the grand occasion of display for Highland vanity. The furniture is carefully exhibited upon a cart; always surmounted by a spinning-wheel, the *rock* loaded with as much lint as it can carry. It is accompanied by the bride's nearest female relative, and attended by a piper to announce its progress. The procession is met and welcomed by the bridegroom and a few select friends.

The ceremonial of the wedding is conducted exactly according to Cecil's statement.

The next morning, the matrons of the neighbourhood commence a visiting acquaintance, by breakfasting with the married pair; each bringing with her a present suited to her means, such as lint, pieces of linen, or dishes of various sorts. Some of these good women generally "busk the bride's first curch." The hair, which the day before hung down in tresses mixed with ribbon, is

now rolled tightly up on a wooden bodkin, and fixed on the top of the head. It is then covered with the curch; a square piece of linen doubled diagonally, and passed round the head close to the forehead. Young women fasten the ends behind; the old wear them tied under the chin. The corner behind hangs loosely down. Thus attired, the bride sits in state, without engaging in any occupation whatever, until she be "kirked." If, however, it happens that the parish-church is vacant, or if it be otherwise inconvenient to attend public worship, this ceremony can be supplied by her walking three times round the church, or any of the consecrated ruins with which the Highlands abound.

NOTE E, Vol. III. page 23.

"*Lykwake.*"

Latewake. Watching a corpse before interment. Dancing on these occasions was once customary, though this practice is now discontinued.

"It was a mournful kind of movement, but "still it was dancing. The nearest relation of "the deceased often began the ceremony weep-

" ing; but did, however, begin it, to give the
" example of fortitude and resignation."

Mrs Grant's Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders. Vol. I. Page 188.

NOTE F, Vol. III. page 81.

" *Size of my apartment.*"

Miss Percy's description is far, indeed, from exaggerating the horrors of some Lunatic Asylums in Edinburgh, as they existed twenty years ago. One of these, which was even more recently the disgrace of Scotland and of human nature, is now managed with great attention to the health and cleanliness of its miserable inmates.

NOTE G, Vol. III. p. 196.

" *Parks of Eredine.*"

" Near adjoining are the parks; that is, one
" large tract of ground, surrounded with a low
" wall of loose stones, and divided into several
" parts by partitions of the same. The surface

" of the ground is all over heath, or, as they " call it, *heather*, without any trees; but some " of it has lately been sown with a seed of firs, " which are now grown about a foot and a half " high, but are hardly to be seen for the heath.

" An English Captain, the afternoon of the " day following his arrival here, desired me to " ride out with him and shew him the parks of " Culloden, without telling me the reason of his " curiosity. Accordingly we set out; and when " we were pretty near the place, he asked me, " Where are these parks; for, says he, there is " nothing near in view but heath, and at a dis- " tance rocks and mountains. I pointed to the " inclosures; and, being a little way before him, " heard him cursing in soliloquy; which occa- " sioned my making a halt, and asking, if any " thing displeased him? Then he told me, that, " at a Coffee-House in London, he was one day " commending the park of Studley in Yorkshire, " and those of several gentlemen in other parts " of England, when a Scots Captain who was " by, cried out, Ah! Sir, but if you were to see " the parks of Culloden in Scotland!"

Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London, Vol. I. page 297.

Note H, Vol. III. page 199.

"*Superb Hotel!*"

Whoever recollects the inns at C—i—gh and B—rr—le, and no doubt many others, as they stood two and twenty years ago, will be at no loss for the prototypes of Miss Percy's house of entertainment. Later travellers in the Highlands may not find her description agree with their experience. The "land of the mountain and the flood" has of late been the fashionable resort of the lovers of the picturesque, and of grouse-shooting; the refuge of those who wish to skulk or to economize, of fine gentlemen and fine ladies who find the world not quite bad enough for them. The accommodations for travellers are of course improved. It were devoutly to be wished that this had been the only change effected by such visitants.

Note I, Vol. III. page 226.

"*Consecrated spring.*"

The said Breadalbane spring once existed in Atholl; but its guardian Saint having been of-

fended by some failure in respect, or in liberality, removed it to its present site. This neglect was the more unpardonable, because Highland saints have a very saint-like facility of propitiation. A halfpenny is considered as a profuse offering; a nail, a pin, or a rag, is all that the saints exact in return for the benefit of these healing waters. The saints' wells can generally be distinguished by the shreds of cloth hung upon the impending bushes; and other offerings of like value dropped into the basin.

Some of these springs are resorted to annually by way of preventative; others are visited as occasion requires. Some of the waters are taken as a medicine. Others—and these, I apprehend, the most useful—are externally applied. In this case, the ablutions must be repeated for three years successively; and if the patient die in the interim, a friend must complete this ceremony in his stead, bringing away at the same time a bottle of water, to be poured upon the grave of the deceased. Within these few years an old woman, for this pious purpose, twice performed a journey of nearly a hundred miles.

Note K, Vol. III. page 244.

When you see my dear brother."

Messages from the living to the dead, are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection.

Note L, Vol. III. page 246.

" *Extemporary Songs.*"

Extemporary Songs are common among the Highlanders. With these they beguile their labours; often, of course, at small expence of taste or invention. The readiness with which they apply their verses to compliment, to banter, often to graver purposes, is, however, very remarkable; and Cecil is far from furnishing a rare or exalted specimen of the powers of Highland *improvisatori.*

I have been told, that an Argyllshire woman one evening, while expecting her hus-

band's return, was surprised by a visit from some persons whom she guessed to be officers of justice sent to apprehend him. Finding the man absent, they determined to wait his arrival in the hut; taking care, of course, that his wife should not go out to apprise him of his danger. She contrived, however, to hush her baby with an extemporary song, which, without alarming the vigilance of her guards, warned her husband from his perilous threshold; and he escaped. Other instances, somewhat of a similar kind, suggested the incident in the text.

Indeed, the only merit which the Highland scenes in Discipline presume to claim, is, that, however inartificially joined, they are all borrowed from fact.

Note M, Vol. III. page 248.

" *Such atrocities are unknown in Eredine.*"

Although, in the remoter parts of Scotland, chastity is by no means the universal virtue of unmarried persons, instances of conjugal infidelity are still rare. Within the present generation, they were almost unknown.

About twenty years ago, it happened, in a re-

mote country town, that two persons of the lower rank were accused of adultery. The charge, whether true or false, had such an effect, that the man was driven like a wild beast from human converse. The very children pelted him with mud in the street; crying out, "There goes the adulterer."

THE END.

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